The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1716 DEC. 10, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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A TALK ABOUT

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II. CHEAPNESS IS NO NEW THING. IT HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE SINCE TRADING FIRST BEGAN, AND BEFORE THE WAR BISCUITS OF A CERTAIN TYPE WERE TO BE PURCHASED AS LOW IN PRICE AS 2d. PER POUND.

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V. IN THE INTERESTS OF ALL CONCERNED IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE THAT THE FOREGOING FACTS ARE UNDERSTOOD AND APPRECIATED BY OUR FRIENDS, THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.

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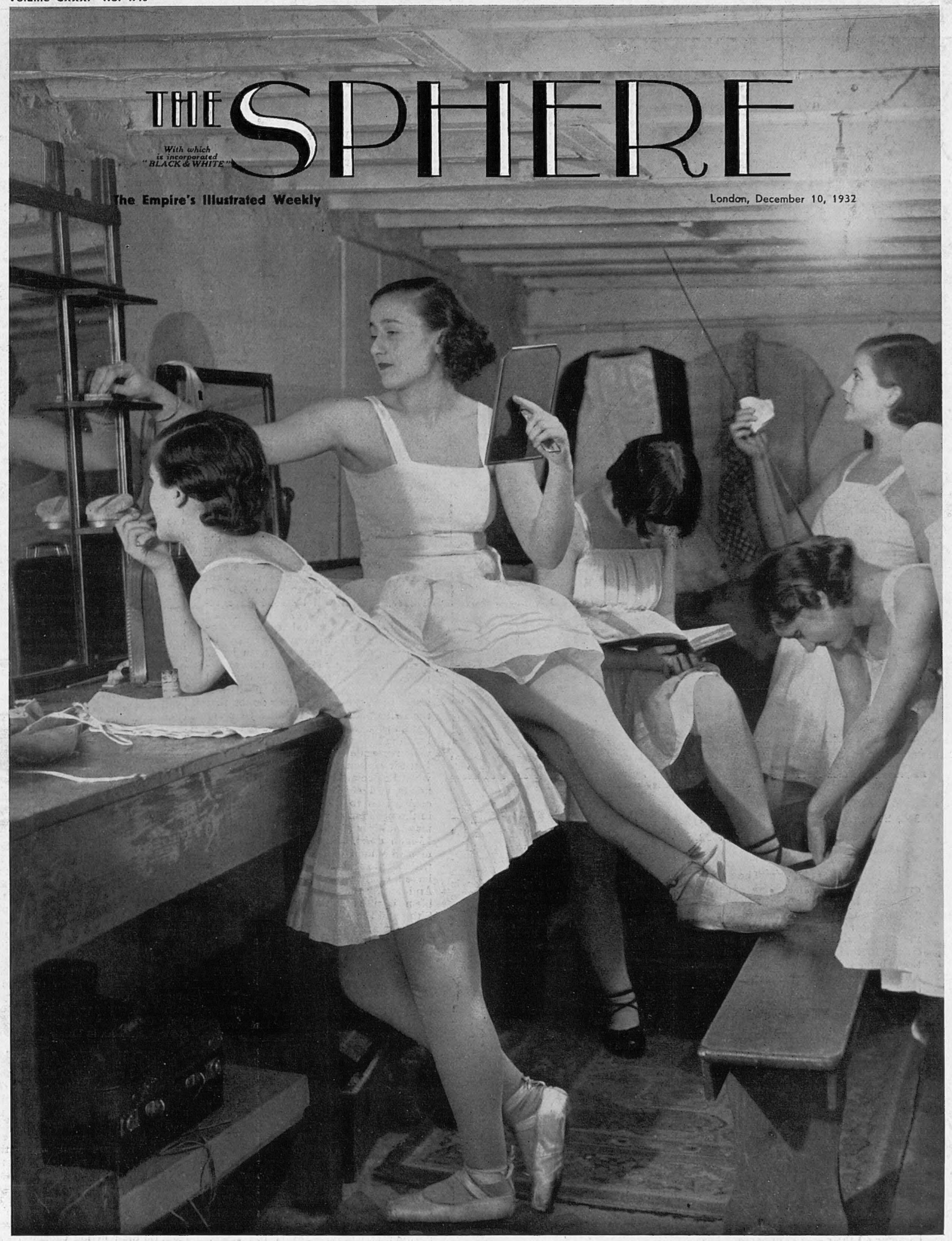
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 10, 1932



FAIRIES OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Stars of the Future Studying the Art of Make-up at the Mayfair School of Dancing

At this season there is always a great demand by theatre managers for dancers to take part in pantomime. It is the occasion which gives a first chance to many a new star, for the requirements are different from those of musical comedy—or ballet. Mainly it is the "fairy" who is wanted, one who usually has to sing as well as dance, and a childish figure is essential. The "principal boy" type is out of the running. The training for this type of work is arduous—hours of "barre," "on the points," and so on. This picture was taken at the Mayfair School of Dancing where the syllabus also includes singing and elocution, while the junior pupils have to devote time to educational subjects besides studying the art of Terpsichore. Dancing is much more an English art than is generally supposed. This school alone supplied a considerable proportion of the Russian ballet in which there are many girls who have perforce to adopt "aliases" which they themselves could scarcely pronounce

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A London New

CHRISTMAS CASTS ITS SHINING BEFORE: The Marchioness of Reading opened the Grand Christmas Market at the Albert Hall—a function held in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals—a few days ago. Small children at the stalls are seen above with one of the attractive mascots

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, December 7, 1932.

DU THÉÂTRE.—The prime cause of the delay in settling our post-war hash is without a doubt the necessity which Governments realize of consulting at every stage the views of their peoples. The triumph of Democracy, in this stage of popular education, brings about this tragic delay. And that—we may whisper it now—is the key to the leisurely War-debt settlement process. If Great Britain and America were ruled to-day by oligarchies educated in political and economic sciences, the Hoover moratorium would have been automatically extended long since, if not already made of none effect by a cancellation of War debts. The British reply is unanswerable in the sense that the Government to whom it is officially addressed appreciated the force of every argument before those arguments were set down in writing. But in fact the document is addressed not to the United States Government but to the American Democracy, composed of all sorts and conditions of men, back-of-beyond farmers, distressed industrialists, disgruntled ex-Service men, hungry unemployed, all preoccupied with the bareness of their own cupboards. It is futile to expect that this vast and heterogeneous public would from the first look beyond their own immediate preoccupations to the wider aspect, and see in the distant smoke of the European volcano the cause of their own domestic upheaval. It takes time to rule by the will of democracies. Hence (and hence only) the agonizingly slow march of reconstruction. C'est du théâtre. Mais que voulez-vous? I feel very sure—you may call it a Delphic prophecy—that Great Britain will frankly acknowledge throughout 1933 that she owes a great debt to America.

SOLDIERS IN CHARGE.—Germany's feverish fortnight has ended in a political compromise which on the surface at least must appear uncompromising indeed to those who fear German aggression. A military Chancellor is accepted by a military President. The sword is mightier than the pen. But as a matter of fact it is expected that at first, at any rate, von Schleicher will hide the iron hand in a velvet glove and he is pledged to a policy of reconciliation in regard to the Reichstag in return, perhaps, for the support of one or more of the more powerful political parties in that chamber, which may heal some of the internal soreness. Another "Presidial" Government, refused to Hitler, is accorded to von Schleicher, and much now depends on the attitude in the Reichstag of the 200 Nationalists and the 120 Socialists. The nation at large hailed with relief a solution which a few months ago it would have regarded as unthinkable. A year ago the sabre-rattling of the new Chancellor set Europe in a twitter, but latterly he has set double sentries on his lips and it may be confidently expected that those sentries and that sabre will not be released until he has tried and failed to avert internal chaos in Germany and to win back the goodwill of the Reichstag. His appointment would appear, therefore, to afford a breathing space to Germany and Europe alike.

LONDON LIFE AND LABOUR.—The published survey of the East London Sector of that great investigation into London conditions of life and labour owes its name and its inspiration to Charles Booth, who died in 1916. A gallant band of efficient workers some years ago undertook to bring Booth's surveys up to date, and we now have perhaps the most valuable fruits of their labours. For good came of Booth's tireless researches. It is interesting to note that Booth's principal conclusion from his findings was the urgent need of old age pensions for which thenceforth he began to press. It is the view of the present investigators that old age pensions are the prime cause of one immense advance since Booth's day—the end of the great tragedy of privation and loneliness in old age. And good will come of the current survey, and the enemies it will overcome will be overcrowding and bad housing. The Eastern Sector comprises a population of 2,500,000 of the poorest Londoners, and the investigation shows that the percentage of poverty is only one-third of what it was forty years ago, and that to-day a London workman can buy one-third more necessities for one hour less labour. Indeed, but for this abnormal slump the showing would be 40 per cent. better still, for a half of the poverty in the sector is due to unemployment. This exhaustive report should be studied by all sorts and conditions. For it offers comfort to a nation in the doldrums. The current of civilization is not wholly dammed—we advance in trickles.

OUR NAVY.—Last week the First Lord made a heartening, if slightly mystifying, speech concerning the Navy. He made some significant points. By implementing the London Treaty, Britain will by 1936 have reduced her tonnage by 47 per cent. By the same date, the naval armament tonnage of the U.S. will have increased by 29 per cent. and that of Japan by 37 per cent. Side by side with this statistical revelation, the First Lord declared unequivocally that no one need feel alarm as to the position, nor doubt that the British Navy will be able to carry out its proper functions. I do not know how the Navy League and its supporters will reconcile these two statements. But Sir Bolton spoke an age old truth when he declared that weight of armaments and ships was as a feather in comparison to the weight of personnel in the problem of naval efficiency. You may multiply 35,000-ton battleships and 15-inch guns, but unless you have the men (the men of the type who served with Drake and Nelson and Keyes) you have no safety for the British Empire. And to-day the Navy's most vital problem is a recruiting problem. The Ships and the Money are large problems. The men are a vital and urgent problem. Recruiting and training are the Navy's first preoccupation to-day.

TWO ARMY APPOINTMENTS.—Two interesting military appointments were made last week. Major-General Charles Grant succeeds the late General A. B. E. Cator in the London District Command, and Colonel Freyberg, V.C., is appointed G.S.O. (1st grade) at the War Office. The London Command is a peculiar job, requiring the qualities of a diplomat as much as those of a soldier. By the nature of the work the G.O.C. is brought much in touch with civilians, with Government departments, Court officials, distinguished foreigners, and Parliament. General Grant possesses the necessary qualifications. He is a man of many friends inside and outside the army. He is suave and his disposition is sunny. He is the senior Guards' Major-General available and he has to the credit experience under Sir Alfred Codrington as Brigade-Major to the Brigade of Guards. He married the late Lord Rosebery's daughter. The appointment appears to have lain between him and General Heywood, an equally popular officer. Colonel Freyberg is a very 100 per cent. soldier. Not only a "multiple-V.C." and a fire-eater, he is a most intense student of military, political, and social problems, very weighty in debate. I doubt if there is any serving soldier who takes life more seriously (as indeed it deserves) or investigates its problems more broadly and carefully. He is Mr. Reginald McKenna's brother-in-law.

AN UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.—Mr. Churchill kept last week his fifty-eighth birthday. When in the House the other day he finished a notable speech, the general opinion of all who listened from the benches and the galleries was unanimously of admiration for an unconquerable soul. In the past five years Mr. Churchill has suffered the effects of a severe accident and a grave illness. A few months ago none conceived it possible that he would take any active part in political life in the immediate future, nor rise to address the House at the opening of the new Session. But here he was, bobbing up as resolute as ever, perfectly fit to take political chance by the forelock whenever that elusive grip offers. And the general admiration was not confined to his courage and spirit in public life. Whatever the early vicissitudes of his political opinions, we know him now as an uncompromising enemy of compromise and sentiment in government and international diplomacy. He preaches the outlawry of war by the ancient method of careful preparation against threat of force, and he is the implacable enemy of Communist Socialism. He has labelled himself permanently a realist in a world of idealists, a champion of strong and courageous government in an age of hesitation and democratic tyranny. Politically, he knows himself and the nation knows him. And so it spares a part of a sometimes grudging admiration for his industry in the face of so many obstacles. In the past decade, he has turned out hundreds of thousands of words of carefully prepared and brilliantly written books, history, biography, memoirs, and essays—which sell like hot-cakes, even when his books are but réchauffé journalism. The doctor's visit merely interrupts the inexorable flow of his ideas. The specialist leaves the sick bed and the typist returns—galley proofs jostle the medicine bottles on the bed table and the temperature chart is an unconsidered trifle in a room full of statistical graphs. Such a spirit is rare indeed. Where it crops up, it is fired not seldom by a relentless urge to be in the limelight, to retain at all costs the taste of power, to hold a hardly-won place in the most brilliant society available. To keep young, a man must never give up wanting something and striving to achieve it. Which, if any, of these urges fires Mr. Churchill's spirit I do not know. I do know that he ranks among half-a-dozen unconquerable spirits of our age, among whom are Mr. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Lloyd George, and Lady Oxford.

AEROPLANES AND EGGS.—When Lord Cecil declared that the invention of aeroplanes was a disaster to humanity, he did not speak as a poultry keeper. Yet every poultry keeper in this country heartily endorses his courageous pronouncement. Poultry farmers well know that in the vicinity of aerodromes hens won't lay. They can't stand the noise; it is possible also that they suspect the hovering or planing shadows in the sky to be birds of prey. The noise and apprehension affect their nerves and react on their laying capacity. Take a hen from a sequestered glade and set her beside an aerodrome under similar conditions of freedom, feeding, and soil, and her output drops 50 per cent. There is no doubt about it. Every poultry farmer in Alton at the moment is up in arms against a proposal by a well-known airwoman to establish in that neighbourhood an aerodrome. Can they evoke the law to stop her project? I doubt it. We have no legal redress against the infringement of our rights to peace, security, privacy, and other amenities by this juggernaut. Why then should we succeed by an

sletter

argument based on egg production? But as sure as eggs is eggs, the aeroplane is killing the egg industry.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.—

I am no longer a boy, and if I dream at all my dreams no longer take wing. My feet rarely leave terra firma spiritually and I have come to realize that childhood's dreams are self-centred and juggernaut. True, the glide-about, if it fulfil its programme, will solve for ever the road traffic problem, but to the middle-aged its possibilities suggest problems even more terrible. For this is the final end of privacy and peace. We know what the bank holiday queues of motorists signify on the roads which at least avoid private property. How will it be when those noisome queues take wing and flick in endless procession 30 ft. high above your garden, brush your laurel hedges, hover above your swimming pool, and hang overhead chaffing your efforts at the tennis net or stoning you with bottles and banana skins. The coming of the glide-about implies for country dwellers the coming of the subterranean garden, electrically lit. The age of the grotto returns. The cave-man creeps back. The old country life (what remains of it) is finally doomed. The hens cease to lay, the partridges to fly. The stately homes of England are given over to Democracy, and the god Pan is in the last ditch. Persephone leaves for the underworld, never to return. The winged-hiker settles like a plague of locusts on the green and pleasant land. Dreams should never come true.

A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.—

A week or two ago one of our Field-Marshals told me that in his view the solution to the problems of humanity lay in colonization beyond the earth. But Dean Inge disposes of this idea. He doesn't believe that extra-terrestrial transport will be devised and he doubts if the available planets can be made fit for colonization. He says Venus is under water and that the Bath of Venus will tempt no pioneers, not even British. And Mars is too cold, even for Laplanders. So we shall stay where we are, lose half our population, and settle the rest in rural beauty spots to lead a life of peace and idleness, our wants supplied by robot machinery in industrial centres. Let me add how the reduction of population by 50 per cent. will be effected. The benighted race of man will continue to destroy the brown rat to extermination. This will allow the black rat to return and settle in peace in the homes of men. The black rat carries with it the germs of bubonic plague. The plague will wipe out half the population of the world. And there you are! Meanwhile, why worry?

A WORD TO WEEK-END HOSTESSES.—

The needs of the male guest—after generations of experience in the art of entertaining—still demand careful studying by careful housewives and hostesses who care for their reputation. There are certain comforts which a thoughtful hostess can and does find out for herself. She can try the beds, ensure a sufficiency of blankets, see that the bedside electric bulb is not less than 40 c.p., revise, select, and keep up to date the bedside books, and have the ink and nibs looked to. But there are three things, yea four, which centuries of entertaining have not taught her:

1. To provide a small square of face towel on which a man may clean his razor. Without it, he destroys good linen.

2. To provide in every bachelor- and dressing-room a plain deal stool on which a man may lace up and unlace his shooting shoes. Without it he will inevitably stamp on valuable tapestry or damask.

3. To ensure that her male guests receive back their cleaned shoes *before breakfast*.

4. To abolish the ridiculous custom by which a man's evening clothes, including shirt and vest and drawers, are crumpled into a heap and carried down to the pantry to be mixed indiscriminately with those of other guests (and never identified again), and in the process of folding and brushing to be smeared and ruined with grease, oil, coffee, and plate-powder stains. In these days of fewer and less experienced servants, it should be an iron rule that a man's clothes never leave his bedroom, but receive attention there and there only.

Trifles, you say? Yes, but tremendous trifles. May they catch the eyes of at least a dozen hostesses!

THE OLD STAGER.

A ROYAL ENTRANT: The King's Hereford steer, *Windsor Democrat*, at the Smithfield Fat Stock Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The King has sent in twenty-four entries. Loud speakers broadcast tunes while judging is in progress, and its effect was watched by scientists who believe that "music hath charms to spur the sterile breast" and increase the output of milk. The prices range from 30s. to 42s. per cwt.

FASHION IN THE ROW: Miss Elsie Grannone in a short coat, riding breeches, and a felt jockey cap—the chic autumnal mode of the moment

WINGS IN THE WINGS: Cherubs in the Nativity Pageant of St. Mary's, Chelsea—a function of astonishingly democratic personnel—assist each other to adjust their wings

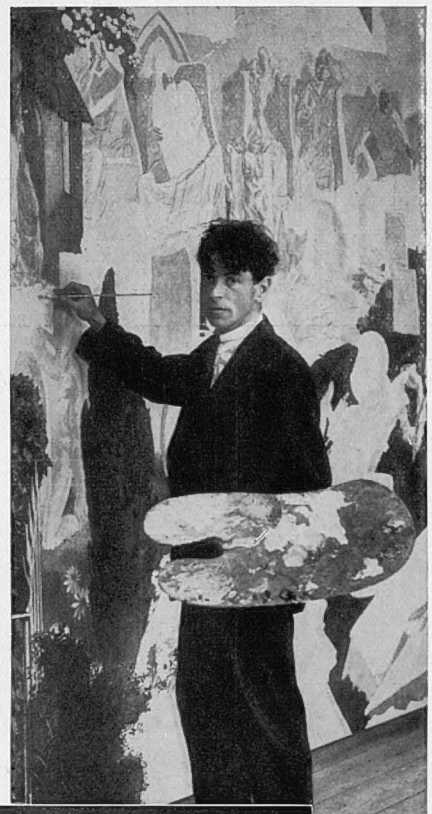
AN APOSTLE OF EMPIRE: Lord Lloyd with Lady Lloyd left London for South Africa a few days ago. No actual political significance it is stated attaches to his trip

THE MARRIAGE DENIED BUT PERFORMED: The Duke of Leinster and his American bride, Mrs. Van Neck. Only a day or so before the ceremony was performed the betrothal was officially denied

BRITISH NEWS

WELL HELD, SIR! Hammond, the finest slip with the Tourists (Duleepsinhji is his only rival) bringing off the superb catch (off the slow bowling of Verity, the "Rhodes" of the tour) which dismissed Don Bradman, playing for the Combined Australian XI, for the modest score of three runs

BRIDE AND GROOM: Captain Bernard de Robeck, brother of Baron de Robeck, with Miss Peggy Cunliffe, daughter of the Dowager Lady Cunliffe, after their marriage at St. Mary's Church, Headley, one of the loveliest of Surrey beauty spots



Left—THE NEW A.R.A.: Mr. Stanley Spencer, whose fame was achieved largely by his colossal canvas, "Resurrection," exhibited some years ago at the Goupil Galleries, with his *chef d'œuvre*. *Right*—MRS. RAY WILSON as "the Sweet One" in the parade of "Lovelies" at the next week's Gay Party at the Café de Paris organized for the disabled by Mrs. Peter Horlick

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON: Collegers going on to the field for the annual exhibition of the Wall Game played against the Oppidans. The game, to the initiate, is infinitely more difficult to follow even than real tennis. An impressive gathering of Old Etonians and their families was present

"THEY'RE OFF!" London Polytechnic met Civil Service in a cross-country duel at Wimbledon last Saturday. The hardiness of these young women, most of whose work is perforce sedentary, baffles belief. The event was won by the Civil Service team, Miss M. Lush of the Ministry of Health gaining first place

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS: M. and Mme Doumergue, who recently visited London and were entertained to luncheon by the King and Queen, are seen above on the steps of the Tate Gallery

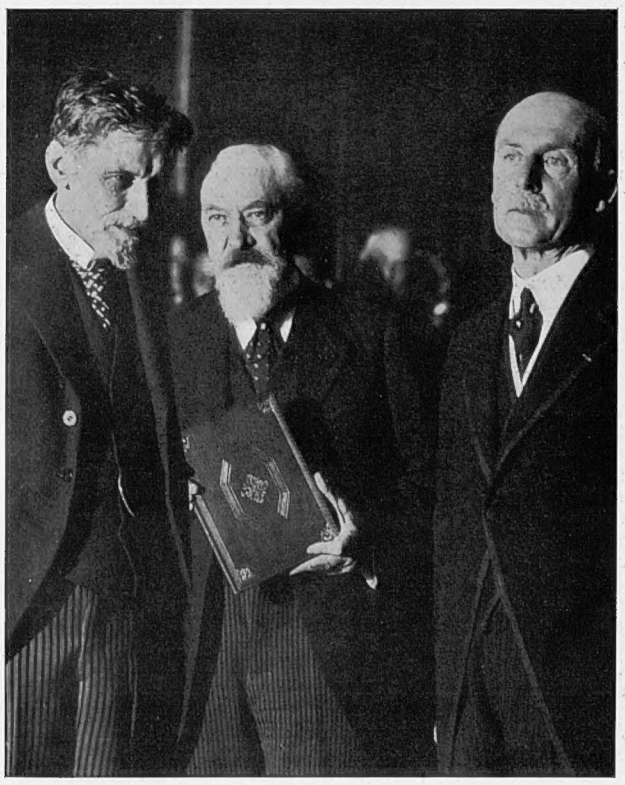
NEWS FROM ABROAD

THE THANKSGIVING PARADE in New York (a celebration of the great U.S. feast day when turkey and plum pudding are eaten ceremonially on the last Thursday in November) was distinguished by hydrogen-filled monsters which were released after the parade and soared into the air. Prizes are awarded to those who catch them

20,000 STRONG: The mass meeting held at Clouj, the capital of Transylvania, to commemorate the union of the province with the ancient kingdom. The meeting expressed pro-French, anti-Hungarian and arti-Revisionist sympathies

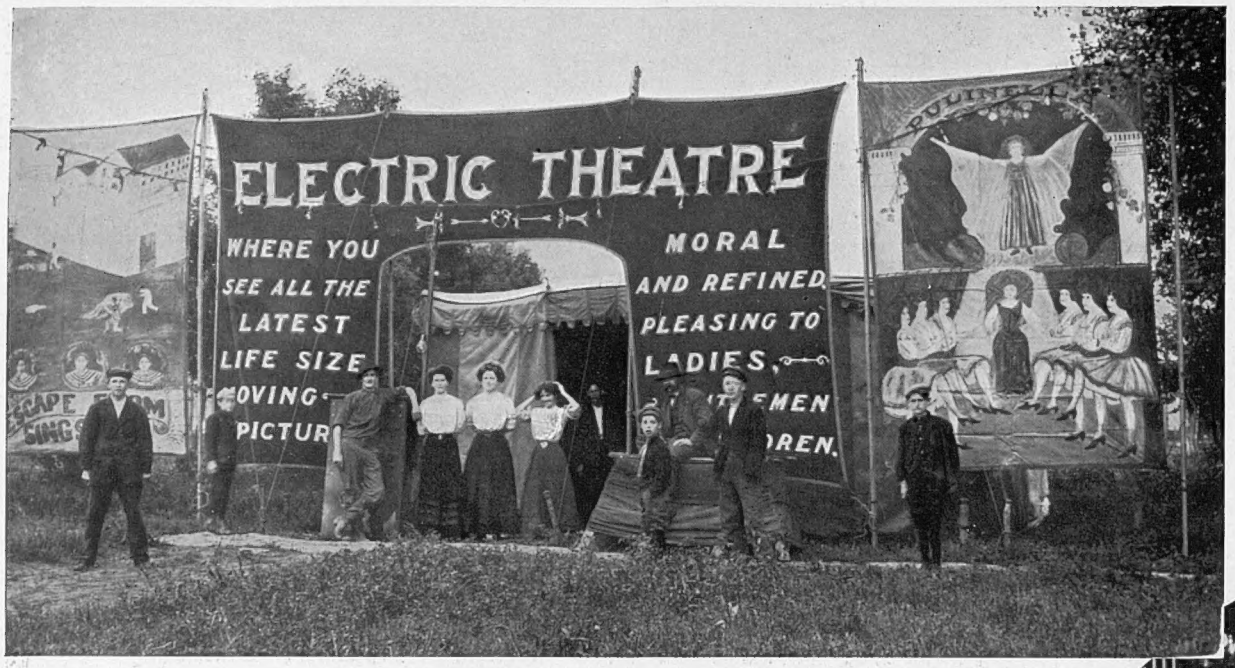
THE ROYAL BRIDE PRESENTS THE PRIZES: Princess Sybille, who has just returned to Stockholm after her honeymoon with Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, presents the prizes in the fencing contests in the Mirror Hall of the Grand Hotel in the Swedish capital

THE ALL-CONQUERING HEROINE: Mrs. Mollison—still to her fans Amy Johnson—in Capetown, whither she flew recently in 4 days 17 hrs. and 19 min.—breaking the record set up by her brilliant husband



FRANCO-BRITISH: Professor Emile Legouis (centre) with the address presented to him by professors of English in all our Universities in token of his having held the English chair in the Sorbonne for twenty-eight years. With him are M. Charlety, Rector of the University of Paris, and Sir Theodore Morison, Principal of Armstrong College

ENGLISH DANCING GIRLS in Paris, who are to appear next week at the new gigantic "Rex" Cinema and Variety Hall on the Grands Boulevards, were sadly disappointed this morning when they found that their American colleagues, whom they were awaiting at the Gare St. Lazare were not on the boat train from Havre. The troop of American dancing girls had been stopped and refused landing by the French immigration authorities, as they were not in possession of the necessary labour permit



FONS ET ORIGO: From such small beginnings have the glittering palaces of to-day arisen. The above picture shows an American travelling tent cinema showing films attractive to women and children

"Shall Cinema Theatres be opened on Sunday?" That, to many people, reads like an old question over which there has been much controversy but which has now been pleasantly settled by a recent Act of Parliament.

Nothing of the kind. The Act in question—the Sunday Entertainment Act of 1932—is only just being explored, and already it has been discovered as one of the most provocative Acts ever placed on the Statute Book. In effect it gives a local veto of Sunday cinemas to the municipal electors of any urban or rural district; but it is drafted in such a way that the sharpest conflict may arise in any one of the 750 areas of the local administrations affected. We are, indeed, only just beginning what may be a long struggle and a grim one. A great authority in the cinema industry agrees that it may last for years.

The position, in fact, is almost incredible and can certainly never have been visualized by those who drafted the Act.

The storm which broke over the Prayer Book question might have shown any Government the fallacy of the belief that England was no longer a religious country. But that storm was as nothing to that which is now brewing over this business of Sunday cinemas. The Act which it was fondly supposed would bring peace has merely unsheathed the sword. It has closed up the ranks of the churches as nothing has done within recent years; and although the Act is still fresh upon the Statute Book, a trumpet call is sounding through the country summoning the churches to profit by the powers of veto which the Act bestows upon them.

ONE VOICE: The latest effort of the Lord's Day Observance Society, an old-established institution, which has risen up to participate actively in the present campaign

In the skirmishes at Shoeburyness, Dartford, Maidstone, Croydon, and now at Walthamstow, it has been shown how strong is still the spirit of Protestantism in this country. The ideals of Luther, the example of Gustavus Adolphus, still sway men's minds. Even the methods of Calvin are not lacking. Already bitterness is creeping into the fight in which so far the antagonists have only begun to measure each other's strength. The big battles are to come, and they will rage from the industrial England of the North to the rural England of the South. It may sound wildly exaggerated at the moment to say so, but signs are not wanting that this Act may serve as a torch to light the flames of a coming religious revival.

To gauge what is likely to happen one has dispassionately to survey the powers and potentialities of the opposing forces. On the one hand you have the churches—all the churches, that is to say, with the exception of the Roman Catholic Church. That for the moment either stands aloof, or is locally, through individual priests, definitely in favour of the Sunday cinemas. Mass attended in the morning, the remainder of the day is for man. Apart from the Roman Church, however, all the churches in the main now stand four-square. There may be cases, indeed, such as that of the Bishop of Woolwich at Croydon, where the Church will lend its aid to the cinemas. In any case, the Church of England is not so vitally concerned with the evening service as it is with devotions in the morning.

But that does not apply to Nonconformity. Throughout long years the Free Churches have wanted to fill their places of worship during the evening hours. To that end they have strained every nerve. It is the Free Churches which feel the Sunday cinemas to be a direct challenge.

What have we opposed to these age-old institutions which still form to so many a part and parcel of daily life?

We have—with the exception of wireless—the youngest, the most audacious, and one of the wealthiest industries in the world.

One bald fact stands out—that although the cinema industry was in its experimental infancy in 1899, and the first cinema theatre—at Los Angeles—was not opened until 1902, it is now vying with the churches for the suffrages of the people. Little can the inventor of the Tachyscope—the primitive little machine rather like a deep roulette board, which showed the movements of racehorses—have dreamed, in 1889, of the situation he would indirectly cause in 1932.

The rise to fame of the film has, of course, been sensational. There has never been anything like it before. In thirty years it has raised itself from a joke or a side-show exhibited in travelling booths to the position of a world power. The films are now shown in palaces which for luxury have no equal in the world. Whether one regards it as a beneficent or malignant power depends upon one's point of view. Either way, there it is.

Now a part of its brief history has admittedly been inglorious, and from the first has aroused the antagonism of religionists and certain schools of sociologists. Amongst other things it invented Sex Appeal as a commodity, for which it shrewdly guessed an awaiting and world-wide market.

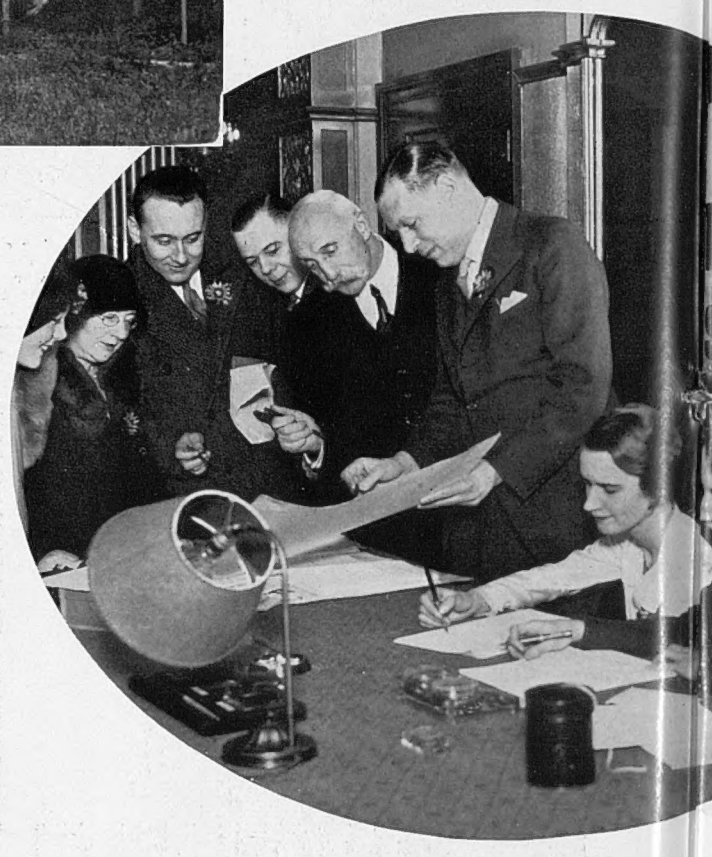
That, to change the metaphor, was a weapon of attack on the world's markets which seems now to have been double-edged. Everyone knows the story of Hollywood, which we are assured is to-day repentant and reformed. Now, whatever the moral mischiefs of the Sex Appeal stunt generally, they constituted a direct political menace to the British Empire. It is not a matter of sentimental imagination but of direct and expert knowledge on the spot which showed us, almost too late, the disastrous results of exposing to the native populations of India, South Africa, and elsewhere the habits of white women as exploited by the American film producer.

The merely moral aspects of this Sex Appeal business have rankled in the mind of the churches, and the political aspects of the case have exercised the minds of statesmen and politicians. But, indeed, for the damage done to us by American films of this sort, there would probably not have been the determination that there has been to get British films going. That effort has been a long and a strenuous one, and one attended by many rebuffs. But it is at last succeeding; and it is not only the increased efficiency in British film making, but the cleanness of them in the main, which has resulted in Hollywood at long last realizing that as a profitable enterprise "dirt" is dead.

As against all that, the cinema industry has achieved many notable and noble triumphs in ideas, in artistry, and in technical perfection. The film has

THE SUN

recorded daring enterprises; it has introduced the realities of life in one country to the publics of other countries; it has revealed wonders in science and nature in a way far beyond the possibilities of any text books. To-day it is regarded as one of the coming forces in education. Mr. H. G. Wells' already notorious "Professor Foresight" might conjure up visions of the coming era of television; but, until that, or some other as yet unexpected discovery takes place and can be applied, the film must remain as a universal entertainment of man. In so far as that goes, its position is unassailable, and there are some who hold that it would be far better if the churches concentrated their efforts on



G.H.Q. AT WALTHAMSTOW: The Cinematographic Committee rooms, where Councillor V. L. McEntee, M.P., and other notables visit the H.Q. of the self-styled champions of liberty

educating and influencing public opinion in respect to films rather than on opposing the showing of them on Sunday evenings.

In some quarters the attitude adopted towards this question is uncompromising to a degree. It must be borne in mind that the organization behind the "Keep Your Sunday" movement, as it applies to the Sunday cinema, is the Lord's Day Observance Society. This is a society of which most of us have heard from time to time, and, having regard to the date of the Acts (1625–1780) from which it derives its inspiration, one gains the habit of thinking of those controlling the Lord's Day Observance Society as a collection of antediluvian, namby-pamby cranks. That is to make a mistake. The Lord's Day Observance Society, which is inter-denominational—except for Roman Catholics—is a body of idealistic but shrewd, hard-hitting men.

Their premises announce their purpose. Across them are blazoned the words "Lord's Day House"; and within, in spite of their typewriters, their telephones, their press-cuttings, and their card-indexes, the atmosphere, if cheerful, is certainly Cromwellian. Here is the slogan they give to the world:

"God, the Ten Commandments, and all they stand for."

Their thunders against the film industry at the present moment are almost equal to those of the redoubtable John Knox; and they overlook nothing. They can quote *The Cinema* for August 26, 1926, as declaring that the opening of the cinemas on Sunday would mean another seven million pounds a year to them; or they can quote *The Bioscope*—another trade paper—as saying that the Sunday opening of cinemas was a prize worth winning, a prize which would be immediately payable in cash.

Further, they declare that the cinemas do not keep people off the streets. They point out that it has been proved that, where the bright lights of the cinema are to be seen, there the people most do congregate. They say they are out to give no quarter in this "Keep Your Sunday" campaign. The secretary of the society, banging his strong clenched fist on the table before me, said: "And you can tell them this—'*We never give in and we never give out.*'"

And it has to be said that this spirit of battle has taken the cinematograph trade rather aback. They

DAY CINEMA:

The Battle Royal which is Now to be Fought in 750 Electoral Areas. A First-hand Impression of the Walthamstow Engagement and the Attitudes of the Two Forces

By W. HOLT WHITE

never expected it. They never anticipated the vigour with which certain clauses in the new Act would be put into force against them.

The cinema trade does not deal in ethics. To its credit it is purely out for business, and therefore at least without hypocrisy. On the other hand, it feels that it has a deep-seated grievance against the sequence of events which has led up to the present position.

It is nearly twenty years ago since certain cinemas opened in London on Sunday and gave a proportion of the proceeds to charity. In those days it was just announced that a certain charity was profiting by the cinema being opened on the Sunday night. That was a loose arrangement; so, after a while, as the County Council could not grant seven-day licences, it issued "permits." There were various arrangements, one of them being that the contribution to charity should be one-seventh of the audited maintenance or overhead expenses. That arrangement went on for many years in London, and there were stray and different arrangements in the provinces.

Then the theatres and music-halls grew jealous, and the Entertainments Protection Association applied on behalf of certain theatres for Sunday night licences. They were refused. The application was taken to the High Court. It was still refused. Next, the Entertainments Protection Association opposed the licensing of a cinema theatre at Streatham on the ground that it was giving public performances on Sunday, and the Entertainments Protection Association won. Then everything was in the melting-pot.

There is the historic case of the Public Informer who issued a writ against a famous cinema house under the Sunday Observance Act, and scores of writs were being applied for in all directions. The attack might have been general.

Indeed, if you read between the lines of the Sunday Entertainments Act of 1932, you will see that it is designed to exculpate in retrospect those who had in any way offended, but had so far been unattacked. For those who had opened picture galleries, zoological, or botanical gardens, or even an aquarium, might have been involved in the general issue of writs under the Sunday Observance Act. Something had to be done, or even Government officials might have been writted.

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS — THE GUARDIAN, FRID

"SUNDAY HAS HELPED TO MAKE ENGLAND"

MINISTER REPLIES TO THE CINEMA PROMOTERS

THE HYPOCRISY OF THE "CHARITY PLEA"

December 2, 1932 — THE WALTHAMSTOW DISTRICT ECHO.

THE VOICE OF YOUTH.

A PLEA FOR AN EQUITABLE SABBATH.

The PENSION PARADE (SPECIAL)

CONFLICTING VOICES: The headlines of the *Walthamstow, Leyton, and Chingford Guardian*, the old-established and Sabbatarian journal, and of the *Walthamstow District Echo*, a new imprint which made its appearance only a few days before the election and came out uncompromisingly in favour of the cinemas

In haste the Labour Government then in power brought forward a Bill which, had it passed, would incidentally have legalized Sunday cinemas in a way which it might have been impossible to dispute. But that crashed with the Socialist Government in August, 1931.

Next there was a species of "enabling" Bill, designed to keep things temporarily quiet until a Bill which tackled the situation seriously could be introduced and passed. The ultimate Bill, the Sunday Entertainments Act of 1932, was the modest little affair which obviously meant so well, but has occasioned so much trouble, and will occasion so much more.

Having regard to this procession of events the cinema industry thinks it has every right to be aggrieved; this notwithstanding the fact that the Government has practically taken it under its protection, inasmuch as moneys earned by special performances—such as Sunday performances—are no longer allotted haphazard to charities. A percentage of the proceeds, to be agreed on, are now to be paid into the "Cinematographic Fund" which is controlled by the Privy Council, and the Privy Council decides in what manner these funds shall be used for the purpose of "encouraging the use and development of the cinematograph as a means of entertainment and instruction." But that is only after deducting such expenses as are incurred by the Privy Council in the performance of its duty, the accounts being audited by the Treasury. That would seem almost to place the Sunday cinema business under Government control.

The Act also provides for drastic penalties against those cinema proprietors who, except in an "emergency," work any employee more than six days a week. As, too, the cinema proprietors are only entitled to one-seventh of the weekly overheads of their house—in most cases roughly 10 per cent. of the day's proceeds—it is difficult to understand why they should have gone to all this trouble and expense to make possible the opening of the cinemas on Sunday night.

Now the reason is extraordinary—so extraordinary as to be almost unbelievable from the point of view of the average man. It is based not on ethics—the cinema industry, as I have said, does not profess to deal in ethics—but on a business psychology of a purely American brand.

> It is the theory that the more a cinema house is opened the more people will use it; that people will come to regard it as a friendly place always at their disposal. The mere knowledge that it is always open and available will automatically bring people to it. That is why some cinema proprietors give virtually nonstop performances morning, noon, and night. They will lose on some performances, but in the long run they calculate that they gain through the knowledge that their theatre is always open to those who want to visit it. "Service to the public" is, they say, a profitable slogan.

To this, indeed, they attach the utmost importance. What has shaken them is that they never foresaw what would be the ferocity of the opposition, nor how easy it would be for the opposition to arise.

To give shows on Sunday in borough and urban districts, or on special occasions, the council or borough of any district must submit a Draft Order to the Secretary of State. There is, however, a provision which enables any municipal or rural electors to protest; then, if the opposition is sufficient in extent, an inquiry must be held, and, given a quorum of dissentients, a town's meeting must be held. If the decision then arrived at is not satisfactory, then a poll must be held of the electors.

That is what has happened at Dartford, where the objectors were swept away. That is what happened at Herne Bay, where the victory for the Sunday Cinemas was narrow. Then there was Croydon where, in spite of the active support of the Bishop of Woolwich in favour of Sunday Cinemas, the voting was:

For - - - -	34,617
Against - - - -	24,380
	10,237

True, there was a majority of 10,000 for the Sunday Cinemas. What astounded the cinema industry was that in any one borough there could at this time of day be found 24,000 people who were determined to "Keep Their Sunday."

Incidentally, it might be remarked that the expenses of this species of election are borne by the borough and that in the case of Croydon the cost to the ratepayers was £800.

The latest of these elections is that at Walthamstow where, backed by the local Members of Parliament, both Conservative and Labour, the Sunday Cinemas won the day. But the result has by no means disheartened the general opposition. Even the most enthusiastic supporters of Walthamstow will scarcely affirm that it is beautiful. Hoe Street is not exactly Piccadilly. And on the night of the election the Granada Theatre towered like a palace of light above the buildings of its more unlovely end. One could quite understand why dull, worn people from the grimy little streets around were queueing up to find humble places in that illuminated oasis in their desert of dreariness. Round the corner, forlorn, bolted, and barred, was a little red brick Baptist Tabernacle from which were lashed from top to bottom great banners which said: "Keep Your Sunday."

All day the battle had raged, and it has to be admitted that it had been waged with extreme bitterness. There was evidence that the Sunday Cinema party, shaken and alarmed at the position, were leaving nothing to chance. There had suddenly appeared on the day before the election No. 1 of *The Walthamstow District Echo*. Its object, according to its editorial announcement, was to give special prominence to the social life of the district; but when you looked at its headlines there could be no doubt that one of its main purposes was to secure Sunday Cinemas. One of its "splash" articles was headed:

"Vote To-morrow for a 'Sabbath made for Man.'"

In fact there was no doubt about the attitude of the first number of the *Echo*.

It was presumably intended as a reply to *The Walthamstow, Leytonstone, Epping Forest District and Chingford Guardian*, for equally there could be no doubt about the *Guardian's* policy. The leader was headed: "Keep Your Sunday."

The main story was headed: "Sunday Has Helped to Make England."

Other headings were:

"The Hypocrisy of the 'Charity' Plea."

"Labour Alderman's Bombshell—Cinema Employees are Not Safeguarded."

Then there was a Baptist minister on the subject of—

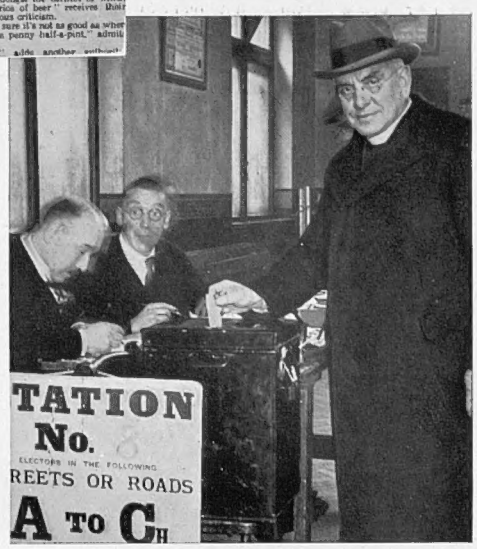
"A Sacrifice to Greedy Capitalists."

Another article—this by the Rev. Reginald Sorensen—was headed:—

"Adoring the Garbo on Sundays."

And so on, column after column.

Everywhere in the district feeling ran high. Tradesmen in their shops were being heckled by both parties. Workers were indefatigable. The Labour Party had been split in twain.



THE VOTE CAST: The Vicar of Walthamstow, the Rev. G. D. Oakley, chairman of the local "Keep Your Sunday" Association, and the champion of Cromwellian devotion casts his vote

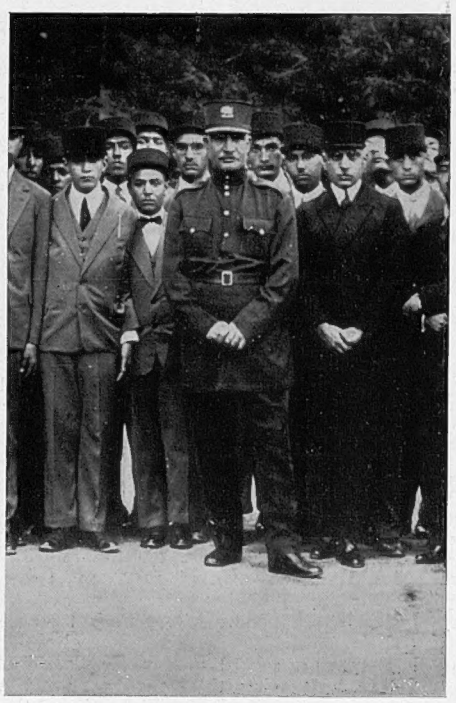
In reply to the church, the cinema people brought down their big battalions of cars—cars plastered with yellow labels which bore the inscription: "Vote for Sunday Cinemas." They were swarming in all directions carrying passengers to the polling stations.

These cars were being anxiously surveyed from the "Keep Your Sunday" Committee Rooms. There, it was computed in the afternoon that they had a majority of four to one on paper. The trouble was to shepherd people to the polls, and in that respect they knew the Sunday Cinema crowd were beating them. They reckoned the opposition cars at four hundred as against thirty of their own. And they say that it was these cars which lost them what seemed assured victory.

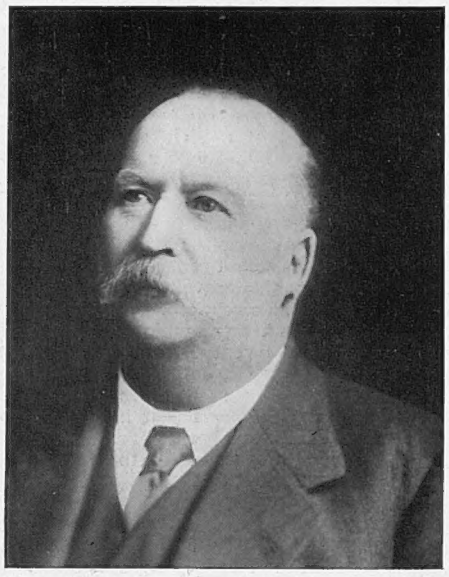
In the Committee Room the bustling Secretary of the Local Chamber of Commerce—a Methodist—was holding things together; a Salvation Army officer

(Continued on p. 454)

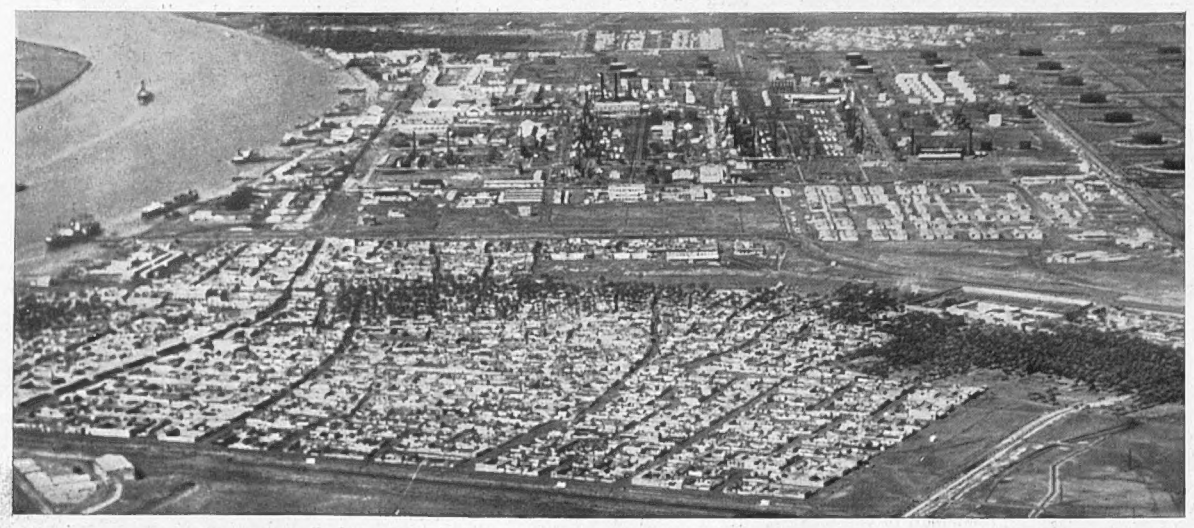
THE 10-IN. PIPE LINE of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company runs for 140 miles from the coast to the hills. The section seen above undergoing inspection is that running across the Imam Riza. *On right* is Mr. William Knox D'Arcy, the holder of the original sixty-year concession in 1901 which has been developed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (in short the A.P.O.C.)



RIZA KHAN, the autocratic and self-made Shah under whom the staggering revocation of the British concession has been made



THE OILFIELDS OF PERSIA: The barren landscape with its serried ranks of traceried derricks in a pocket among the oil-bearing hills. The D'Arcy concession to these lands was granted in 1901. The pipeline branches off near Ahwaz to two separate oil-fields about thirty miles apart



THE REFINERIES of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are situated on Abadan Island in the ultimate north of the Persian Gulf. The action of Persia in response to strong British representations against the annulment is, as we go to press, eagerly anticipated. The three probable courses of action to be taken are sketched in the accompanying article

PERSIAN OIL

By Kenneth Williams

Cancellation of contracts has, to the Englishman, a sinister sound; it conjures up the Bolshevist. It is not surprising, therefore, that Russian influence should have been credited with the Persian Government's cancellation, on November 27, of the concession held by the Anglo Persian Oil Company.

Actually, however, the Soviet has nothing whatever to do with this step by the Teheran Government. Why, then, so extreme a measure?

Since the concession was granted (for a period of sixty years) by Muzaffar ud Din Shah in 1901 to Mr. W. K. D'Arcy, millions of both private and public British money have been sunk in Persian oil. In 1908 the first gusher was struck. Mr. Winston Churchill, who induced Parliament in 1913 to agree to the British Government's assuming financial control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, foresaw vividly the use that H.M. Navy might make of Persian oil.

His stroke, comparable with that of Disraeli in 1876, when the British Government bought shares in the Suez Canal, has been abundantly justified. To-day, the Navy annually uses thousands of tons of Persian oil. In other words, the security of these oilfields in Southern Persia has become nothing less than a matter of Imperial security.

Under the concession of 1901, the Persian Government receives as royalties 16 per cent. of the net profits. In this way, between the years 1901 and 1930, Persia has obtained nearly £11,000,000. These royalties she has largely deposited abroad, as reserve for her hoped-for change-over in currency from silver to gold. (These deposits she left mainly in London, so that when England went off the gold standard last year, Persians were much surprised and aggrieved.)

Recently, the Persian Government has shown increasing dissatisfaction with the concession as it stands, although it should be added that so long ago as 1928 the Anglo-Persian Oil Company itself took the initiative in attempting to negotiate a new concession. The negotiations which have just been interrupted by the cancellation of the concession are thus of four years' standing.

Part, yet only part, of the ground for the Persian Government's abrupt action is to be found in the decline of its royalties. These royalties first topped the £1,000,000 mark in 1926. In 1929 they amounted to nearly £1,500,000, and in 1930 to nearly £1,300,000.

In 1930 the oil slump overtook the world. As a direct consequence, Persian royalties fell for 1931 to about £300,000.

This sharp fall struck dismay into the Persian Government, whose knowledge of world prices, restriction of output, etc., is to be assumed to lack encyclopædic embrace. This Government was further chagrined when, at the beginning of 1932, the Iraq Petroleum Company (an international company in which the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has a large interest) paid to the Iraq Government no less a sum than £400,000.

What the Teheran Government wants, in brief, is greater control over the company's expenditure and a revised system of calculating royalties.

The Persian case is that, having failed to awaken in the A.P.O.C. a response to the invitation to send some one to Teheran to sign a new concession, no other means were available than cancellation for the purpose of getting a new concession.

Such unilateral repudiation has not been tolerated either by the A.P.O.C. or by the British Government. The statement made in Parliament on December 5 is an indication that the matter has been raised from that of a mere commercial dispute to an international plane.

Three courses are now conceivable: (1) Direct negotiations between the Persian Government and the Company may continue. (2) The Persian Government or the Company may take the dispute to arbitration. And (3) if the Persian Government ignores the British Government's representations, the latter may take economic or other measures to protect Imperial interests.

A WORLD SURVEY

ERECTED IN SIXTEEN DAYS: The structural steel work on the British Empire Building in Rockefeller Center, New York. Workmen are seen above cheering as the twin flags are run up. In the background is the seventy-storey R.C.A. building

GALA OPERA in honour of Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sybille. In the centre of the box is the King of Sweden, and on left Princess Sybille of Sweden; and her husband, the hereditary Prince Gustav Adolf, next the Crown Prince of Sweden: on the right next the King is the Crown Princess of Sweden and the other members of the Royal house

AN ANTI-TAX DEMONSTRATION: A great mass meeting was held a few days ago in Brussels against the high rates of taxation necessitated by the slump. The meeting also took advantage of the opportunity to protest vigorously against the proposed enforcement of a prohibition law introduced immediately after the War

PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHICHIBU in Europeanized uniform and European dress leave the Meiji Shrine after paying their homage at the holy place of Aoyamam on the anniversary of its foundation

HEALTH WEEK IN JAPAN: Various campaigns were held throughout the islands recently to make the Nipponese health-conscious. Geisha girls of Hakusan, Tokio, are seen above distributing leaflets describing the various methods of modern medicine to safeguard the health not only of the individual but of the community. Not all modern Geisha wear the traditional costume

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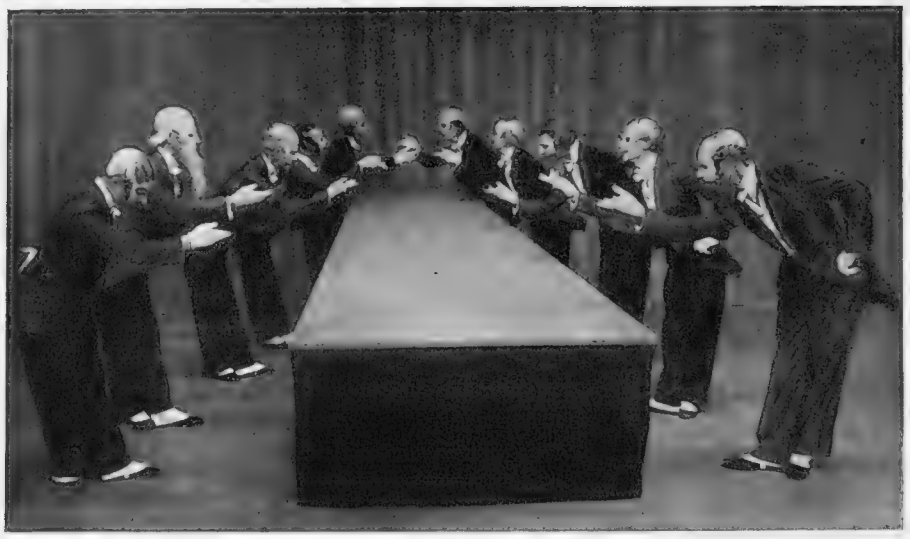


THE HAUTE POLITESSE OF HIGH DIPLOMACY: The opening movement of the satirical ballet *La Table Verte*, produced in Paris recently. It is not only invidious but impossible to identify the burlesque characters with real statesmen

THE WORLD-SHAKING SPEECH: The second *motif* in the ballet created by Herr Kurt Jooss and his ballet of Essen as an entr'acte entertainment at the Casino de Paris, one of the German turns that has taken Paris—artistically internationalist in this case by storm

"MAGNIFICENT!" The speech, illustrated in the picture above this, is here seen hailed with acclamation. The various emotions at such a conference are at once eloquently and humorously interpreted by the various *motifs* of the ballet

THE DOUBT OF AFTERMATH: The cold douche of practical considerations weighs down the ebullience noted in the upper pictures—another scathing moment from the ballet. Herr Kurt Jooss and his ballet of Essen, Germany, have surpassed in imaginative modernity even the *Ballet Russe*. Especially in the caricature *La Table Verte*, giving the impressions obtained at the meetings of the League of Nations in Geneva, satire in dance is rythmically reproduced. The great politeness of the diplomats, the surprise roused by sudden speeches even among their own partisans, are exquisitely droll. The dance is set to the modern music especially written by F. A. Cohen, played on two pianos

THE NEXT

The Influences in Europe, Including their "Cannon" Press, that Tend of 1914, and the Steps that

By FERD

On a recent stay in England one was struck by the remarkable increase in war talk compared with but a few months ago. Time and again the question was put: "Do you think there is going to be a war?" With whom? Between whom? That was usually one way of staying matters, because a deal of this war talk seems to be nothing if not vague. Essentially one found that the disarmament impasse was responsible for the fears so freely spoken—that, and the continued slump on all sides.

Well, I found myself unable to share in the views so expressed. Europe is in a most dangerous situation — how can it well be otherwise with whole sections of it more or less dead, such as the dead Danube, eighteen ships seen during three days' sailing?—but the chief danger, as I see it, lies not in war, but in potential upheaval on widespread revolutionary lines. Even in France it is now becoming a commonplace of conversation to aver that "a war would not last a fortnight," implying that the conscripts could not be kept together much longer than that period.

Yet if this be so, namely, that war does not lie so closely round the corner as many people appear to think, there is, nevertheless, a whole collection of things and institutions making for war. Several of these causes of potential trouble are well known; others may not be so familiar. One is naturally tempted to include individuals also, yet the law of libel is still a force in the land, and accordingly the personal note has to be omitted. Moreover, one seems to remember the ludicrous results which attended the only time in history when an attempt was made to brand men as guilty in war. The farce of Leipzig was perhaps the biggest piece of nonsense that Versailles produced, which is saying much. As we know, everyone who was anyone in Germany was to have been tried by the German High Court and terrific punishments were canvassed by anticipation. Nothing short of boiling in oil for the Kaiser, while perfectly respectable old soldiers like Hindenburg were listed as probables for the execution squad (the old warrior who has the respect of so many to-day still comes practically at the top of the war criminals according to the ex-Allied list which has never been altered). Of course, lots of these Germans were not listed for having been guilty of propelling the conflict; they were charged with such things as looting and shooting unjustly. But that is by the way. The essential is that but two soldiers, quite lesser mortals, actually received sentences at what was to have been the greatest assize in the records.

Not a very tempting result to spur one on to writing about the next war-guilty!

As for those men or institutions guilty of provoking the last war, the Germans absolutely decline to shoulder sole responsibility, and one cannot but sympathise with them on the sheer evidence of the case. The Germans precipitated the war, but surely the two causes most generally accepted after the Armistice were "secret diplomacy" and (somewhat vaguely) "this king business," to quote Woodrow Wilson.

The first thing that strikes one now is the comparative disappearance, at any rate, of these two causes. The kings have largely gone and such as remain are—with perhaps two exceptions—models of self-effacing democrats. And the two exceptions do not much matter. If there is any Machiavellian plotting and planning between kings to-day one would like to know of it. What the Kaiser embodied in his unstable person has vanished from the face of the earth, never, so far as one can see, to return.

In regard to the secret diplomacy of yore, that, too, has departed, though whether its substitute—the orgy of open diplomacy at Geneva and Round European Conferences—has been an unmixed blessing is open to question. Nevertheless, those hotbeds of conflict, secret treaties by which one nation undertook to support another, are well and truly of the past. The searchlight is so dazzling to-day that no such private arrangement could long survive undetected. The French arrangements with their satellites are all well known. They are not strictly in accordance with the spirit of the Covenant, but that, apparently, cannot be helped. A good example of how impossible it is nowadays to wangle something off-stage was recently afforded by the circumstances of Monsieur Herriot's journey to Madrid. Of course, the notion was to talk over certain matters with the Spaniards—the Balearic Isles, that beauty spot now in danger of being fortified and militarized, and the lawlessness in Spanish Morocco, and perhaps even the project of a tunnel under the Strait of Gibraltar—but a positive procession of felines had escaped from the bag long before the French Premier set off for the South; indeed, he was very much annoyed and, later, in Madrid, was over an hour as good as at bay before the Spanish Press.

All of which goes to show that cause No. 2 of the World War, secret diplomacy, has also gone.

But, alas! how many causes of possible future war remain? Let us examine a round dozen—

The Debt Collectors.—I have never been able to understand just why the American Executive has earned the reputation of being the most powerful upon earth. Quite the reverse appears to be the case. We saw how Wilson was thrown to the winds and finished his term entirely impotent before the Lodges. Much the same thing has occurred again now with Hoover. It is so that the bulk of instructed and official U.S. opinion would wipe out much of European indebtedness, but the power to act lies with the Congress. Which is as good as saying that the future of Europe is in the hands of the men from the wide open spaces, Chicago, the Mid-West, that sort of thing. As long as this debt drain goes on there is no real hope of weathering the slump, and as long as the slump drags on there is real peril to the world. One therefore regretfully places the debt collectors as very high on the list of next war-guilty, should the worst occur. It is not a pleasant twist of democracy, this by which the fate of the continent is in the hands of hordes of ignorant men. Yet that is how it seems to be—not such a vivid improvement on "the king business"!

The International Press. — It would be hard to exaggerate the damage that can be done by the newspapers in the delicate and interdependent world of to-day. Our own Press may be more or less acquitted,

WAR-GUILTY

the Great Armament Works with Towards a Repetition of the Tragedy Can Be Taken to Check Them

NAND TUOHY

but there are publications all over Europe and wider afield which repeatedly set back the clock by false reports or malicious imaginings. Let me give an instance, quite recent, of the former. The chief Spanish Government paper, on the occasion of our hunger-marchers (who, I was told, were in remarkably robust condition), printed right across the front page that 2,500,000 unemployed were converging on London. Perhaps our Embassy got busy; at all events, next day the figure was reduced, over one column only, to 25,000. Perhaps our Embassy again got busy, for on the third morning the figure was reduced to 2,500 on the back page. But by then, of course, the damage to the pound was done—and I should add that the orchestrated Fascist Press, usually fairly accurate, was almost as bad. An American also showed me a letter from the best New York magazine asking him to put in more about the assault on Buckingham Palace and they would use his article. This hunger-marching was man-handled far and wide just the same as was the Invergordon affair — when French papers had the Fleet surrounding Albion, guns trained.

All these newspaper lies and myths and wild exaggerations have just one effect, namely, of making things less and less stable. I have not any doubt that one day international opinion will take the newspapers most severely to task. But what may happen before then is another matter.

The Cannon-merchants.—Idle to pretend that these are not as active as in the heyday of Putiloff and Skoda. The manufacture of war material should have been removed from private ownership after the last tragedy. Its continuance is incompatible with the new order we are seeking to fashion. One does not desire or intend to brand all cannon-merchants as bad men and perils to civilization. They are merely being human in developing their great industries. Not long since I visited one great arsenal where the most excellent social conditions prevail, with hardly an unemployed man in sight. But that does not alter the infernal competition that goes on between these firms, also the many curious ways nations are pressed to acquire ever newer material. I recommend anyone interested to read *The Secret International*.

The status quo Diehards.—Mussolini has made his own the observation, "Treaties are not eternal." Few things seem more obvious. Why should all the wisdom of the ages suddenly bubble up at any one time? Before 1914 there was but one seriously challenged territory: Alsace-Lorraine. To-day there are half-a-dozen, and there never can be peace in Europe until the situation is faced up to. Many fear that facing matters will provoke war. One fails to see this. With the European territorial subjects for change, there has to be mentioned the acute desirability of re-sharing out certain African and other lands. Those who would at all costs remain unyielding and glued to the past are, assuredly, among the next war-guilty.

The Soviet.—So much is written about the U.S.S.R. that I shall pass this culpable agency over rapidly. Culpable—though others are, too, in the Soviet's regard—because of the perpetual stirring-up of trouble in other countries. Also, because of the régime of lies and misrepresentation upon which the Russian people are brought up. Not even in the cause of the World Revolution are deliberate falsifications justified.

The Over-breeders.—In at least two countries it is deliberate Government policy to push on over-production of the human species with the sole object of bringing pressure to bear upon others. This country will have more than that one a few years from now, and therefore has a right to the lesser nation's land. It is a new form of political pressure such as never existed prior to 1914. One is not sure that those who promote over-population at the present time are not right in the van of the next war-guilty in as much as more wars have sprung from over-population in the past than from any other cause; or, better said, from under-availability of necessities.

The Machine Maniacs.—It seems fairly obvious, after what has happened in America and on a lesser scale in Europe, that a highly delicate phase has arrived in regard to machinery, and that its further uncontrolled rationalization will only render the European fabric weaker. Some day, no doubt, the maladjustment between consumption and production may be met. Some day, no doubt, we shall have developed something of the leisure state. But that day is manifestly not yet, and people who abuse the machine meantime for their own dividends are sensibly contributing to that next war or revolution. One is far from suggesting that the machine is responsible for all our ills —a suggestion often heard—but that it will require to be handled gingerly and perhaps unselfishly for long years is self-evident.

My list hereabouts thins out. What to say about the dictators? Seven of them there are, and no doubt a vote would favour the view that in the main they have brought balance and restraint. What to say of the people who crazily get our money frozen in foreign countries? They, assuredly, cannot be relieved of all guilt since they were out after unnatural interest rates. What to say of the League-slayers who would blithely do away with Geneva, forsooth, on the score of its cost? What to say of the economic nationalist à outrance, who would turn agricultural lands into industrialized ones, thereby further upsetting the apple cart? Very high on the list, these gentry, I imagine. What to say of the demagogues who play on the passions of the multitude and are so frequently out in their facts? It is a long list, I fear, compared with the pre-War one. A favourable factor may be that some of the culpable ones, in preparing a next conflict (if any), are already being taken in hand.

For my part, I look to seeing a noted improvement in newspaper ethics, one reason being the spread of popular intelligence due to the wireless. Countries simply ought not to be allowed to tell lies about one another, and one sees small reason why the thing shouldn't be stopped or, at all events, greatly curtailed. A great deal of current mischief would be obviated thereby.

THE SOVIET is also a source of danger. M. Herriot watches M. Dovgalevsky sign the recent Franco-Russian agreement

WAR DEBTS—one of the potential causes of the next war—are discussed between M. Herriot and Mr. Davis of America

THE MUNITION-MAKERS OF GERMANY—the picture shows Krupps' famous works at Essen now reorganized for peace—have a definite interest in achieving a new demand for their ancient products

THE MUNITION-MAKERS OF FRANCE—the National Small Arms factory at St. Etienne is seen above—are just as anxious to enjoy the prosperity that war brings them as their fellow craftsmen across the Rhine—or the Channel

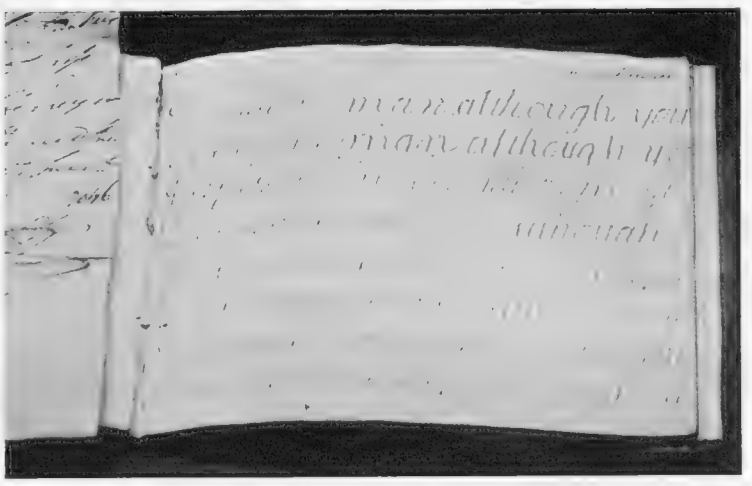
INSTABILITY IN GERMANY does not make for a settled and peaceful outlook. The ex-Chancellor and (as we go to press) his probable successor, von Schleicher, are seen above

BRITAIN'S SPOKESMEN, Sir John Simon and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald leaving for Geneva for a Disarmament discussion

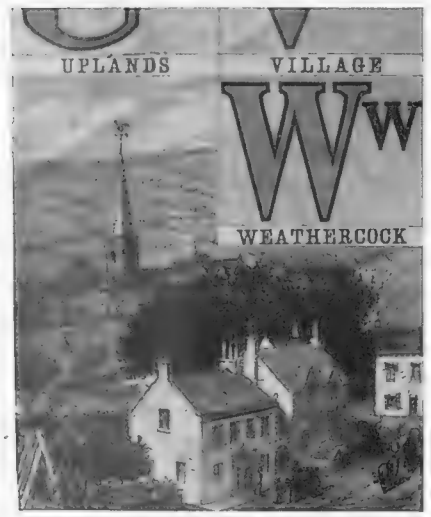
CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALPHABET: B stands indubitably for Boots—a page in a treasure at the V. and A. Exhibition

STREET SCENE BY KATE GREENAWAY: This original unfinished drawing was exhibited at the recent Exhibition of Children's Books held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington

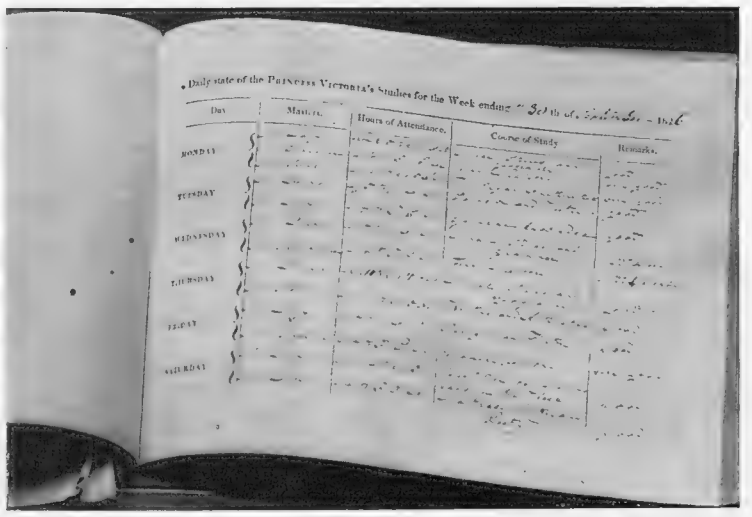
THE STORY OF LITTLE FANNY: A Victorian verse illustrated with detached coloured figures, shown at the V. and A.



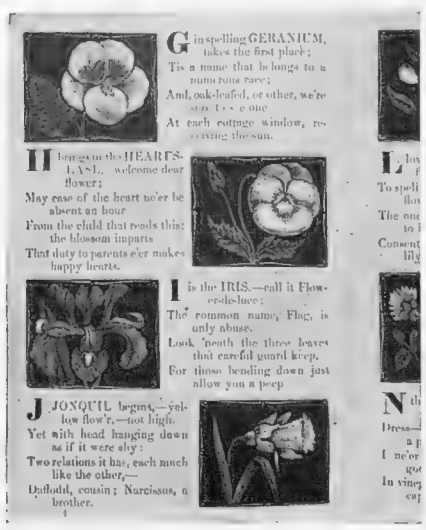
THE COPYBOOK OF KING GEORGE IV: This remarkable document has been included in the fascinating collection of "Children's Books through Three Centuries," assembled by J. and E. Bumpus



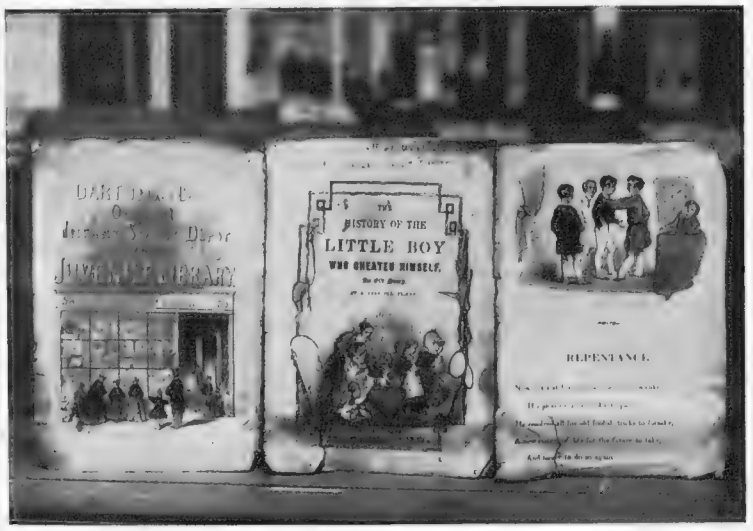
OF THE VICTORIAN PERIOD: A pictorial alphabet in colour exhibited at the Victoria and Albert. The landscapes illustrating certain letters were particularly well drawn



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIST OF LESSONS, with her teachers' comments on her progress in the right-hand column, on view at the Bumpus Children's Books Exhibition, in the Old Court House, Marylebone, which forms part of their Oxford Street premises



THE ALPHABET OF FLOWERS, with woodcut illustrations in colour for every letter of the twenty-six—a gem from the V. and A. Exhibition



THE FRONT COVER of the *History of the Little Boy Who Cheated Himself.* To the left of the title-page with its dedication in script is the cover emblazoning the Victorian Children's Library, Darton and Co. The last page is on the right. This is on view at the Bumpus Exhibition in their Old Court House premises

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

It is a commonplace among the "grown-ups" to say that this is undeniably the age of children, when they are considered and catered for in a manner totally different from when "they" were young. They point out that furniture has been designed for them, games invented, even a special theatre supplied, all to suit the wants of children; and in the matter of books, of course, every sort and shape and kind of book has been produced to please every sort and shape and kind of child, from the tiny tot to the great big brother. The "grown-ups" tell us of the limited character of the books of their day, not so very long ago, perhaps, and yet just before the flood time of children's books, and how they read their small collection over and over again till they knew them by heart. We have all heard of the supposed horrors of the goody-goody books, when a moral was stuffed into every page, and we are apt to pity the children of the past century, imagining them to be miserably neglected in the matter of books.

A visit to the exhibition recently held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and to the very interesting exhibition now to be seen at Messrs. Bumpus's in Oxford Street, will give some accurate knowledge of the book actually handled by our parents and grandparents, and even before that! It is a very well arranged exhibition, everything being labelled and described, so that one carries away a very good general idea of the quality of book used by our forefathers.

As one wanders round among the exhibits one hears exclamations of delight from people as they recognize the much-loved look of their childhood. "Look, Mary, that's the Kate Greenaway book of games that I used to have. I wonder what became of mine"; "Oh! there's *Jessica's First Prayer* with the picture of the old man at the stall," and so on. It is obvious that the books, though fewer in number, had a lasting quality about them and were loved in a way perhaps more than any particular book is to-day when there are such multitudes. Two features stand out in the exhibition—first, the smallness of the books, as if publishers, catering for small readers, thought they must necessarily want small books; and second, the really delicious quality of the illustrations. The woodcuts of the early books, crude, but vivid and strong; the steel engravings which show much fine detail; the quaint cut-out pictures; the lovely little country scenes shown in some alphabets, drawn by very capable artists; Cruikshank, with his mastery of drawing and fund of humour; Kate Greenaway and her dainty children; Ralph Caldecott and his charming pictures of nursery rhymes; lastly, Tenniel and his unforgettable drawings for the *Alice* books.

The whole history of children's books is given in one of the cases, starting with the horn book from which the child learnt its letters, followed by the moral and frightening books which foretold the horrors of hell for the naughty child, and Dr. Watts's poems.

One would like to run on through the history of the development of books for children and how the great revolution came about in the middle of last century when children were given books created for their delight rather than for the general improvement of their conduct; when Edward Lear's *Nonsense Tales* appeared in 1846, and *Alice in Wonderland* in 1865 brought the new era into being. But there are other interesting features to be seen, among them a very rare miniature book made for Prince Henry, the eldest son of King James I.

No one must miss seeing the progress book showing the studies of Queen Victoria at the mature age of seven, where her lessons for each day are written out with the remark of the teacher in a separate column. "Religion and history" on Wednesday was "very good," but "moral stories and grammar" on Thursday we regret to notice had "indifferent" against it! The copybook of King George IV shows that Royal princes had the same difficulties as less exalted people in getting all the letters required into the page!

B. H.

The AIR WORLD

The Thirteenth Exposition Internationale de l'Aéronautique is most disappointing to anyone who hoped to see much originality either of design or construction in the products of the French aircraft industry as compared with the exhibits of the show two years ago.

Far from originality, there are signs of stagnation as evinced by the number of machines shown which are frankly adaptations, if not copies, of German and English designs, and by the fact that at least four manufacturers show types which were exhibited two years ago. In one case the actual machine is shown again.

The use of metal airscrews is now general, and a tendency to use three-bladed screws of this type is observable. An ingenious airscrew with the pitch of the blades controllable from the pilot's seat in flight is shown on the Farman engines stand actually in operation, the airscrew being turned slowly by an electric motor.

The whole trend of the show is primarily towards the military side of aviation and secondarily towards the requirements of the private owner who, in France, is heavily subsidized. There are many examples of bombers, fighters, and what the French call *type coloniale*. The latter is a kind of half-bred military-and-civil machine for transport in the colonies with an eye mainly for the military aspect.

An enormous four-engined monoplane by Lioré et Olivier of the type called *très gros porteur* dominates the hall, and this type-name very thinly camouflages its rôle of bomber. Its engines, set in tandem, are of 500-h.p. each and are stated to be repairable in flight. This presupposes a passage through the thick wing from the fuselage. Access to view its details was not possible and, as it is set on high trestles, it was only possible to observe that provision has been made for the mounting of machine-guns and for a bomb-aimer. It is obviously incomplete as to details and has evidently been rushed through for the show.

As far as aircraft for the private owner are concerned, the influence of the British de Havilland Puss Moth is evident. Several manufacturers show machines which in general appearance closely resemble this now famous machine, though differing in details of seating arrangements, undercarriages, etc. Some of the smaller aircraft showed, too, the influence of the small German monoplanes of the Klemm type.

Metal construction has become very general in France and is now often carried so far as to include the wing covering.

As far as the engine manufacturers are concerned, British influence is everywhere. Radial engines of British design, built under licence, are shown by French, Italian, and Czechoslovak manufacturers, and the influence of our designers is shown in their other engines. Last but not least, British influence is shown in the rash of small, inverted, air-cooled engines which has suddenly broken out amongst the exhibits of the French engine-makers. This is obviously induced by the successes of the British Gipsy and Cirrus engines.

German influence is to be seen in plenty too, for the big Wibault-Penhoet monoplane air-liner is plainly a Junker, the S.P.C.A. three-engined monoplane is merely Fokker, and several others reveal their German ancestry at a glance.

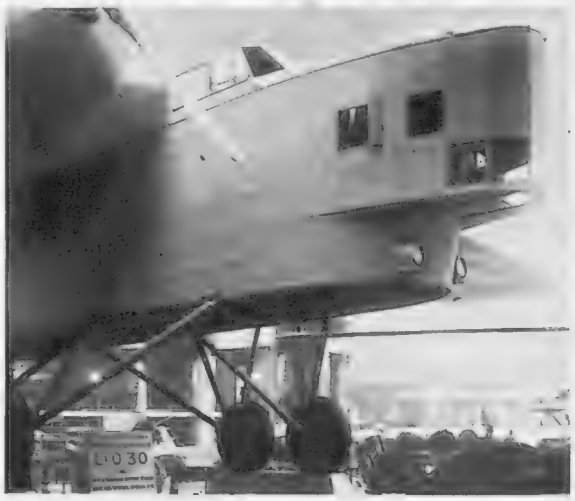
Mention must be made of the Dewoitine H.D. 412 which is a copy, all-metal even to the wing covering, of our Schneider Trophy racers, but with an inverted Hispano-Suiza engine of 1,500 h.p.

Apart from everything else, the British exhibits of the Bristol, Hawker, and Fairey Companies are outstanding, and it is evident that as far as the design and construction of war machines is concerned we have nothing to fear from the French manufacturer.

The very excellence of our exhibits of war machines emphasizes the absence of any representative of our commercial craft, and it is to be regretted that not even a small aeroplane such as the de Havilland Fox Moth was on view to demonstrate that in the field of civil aviation, also, our products are second to none.

C. D. Palmer.

BUILT TO THE ORDER OF DENMARK: An order for a fleet of powerful Hawker Armstrong Siddeley torpedo-carrying 'planes—the most powerful machines in existence—has recently been placed by the Danish Government. The aeroplanes are to be used by the Danish Naval Air Service in a Coastal Defence Scheme. The gigantic torpedo is to be seen below the fuselage



AT THE PARIS AERO SHOW: The front of the fuselage and the undercarriage of the Lioré and Olivier weight-carrying monoplane which carries four engines in tandem. Note the windows for the bomb-aimer

THE WINGLESS AEROPLANE, which may turn any tennis court or small garden into an aerodrome, is the latest development in aviation. The machine is depending almost entirely for support on its revolving windmill

FROM PARIS TO ALGIERS AND BACK IN A DAY: The three-engined monoplane in which MM. Jousse (radio-telegraphist), Mario (mechanic), Mermoz (pilot), Cartier (pilot), and Cousinet (constructor) took off recently with the high ambition of covering the 2,500 plus miles of the return trip to Algiers in a day

THE NEW TERROR BY NIGHT: The newest Fairey Night Bomber for long-distance work can carry from fifteen to twenty troops or a huge consignment of explosives at a cruising speed of 130 m.p.h. This superb machine is seen above on trial against a cloud-bank

AN UNTRAVELLED CONTINE

A TIERED CASCADE: The leap of the Three Musketeers—one of the loveliest aspects of the Iguazu Falls where Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay meet in a welter of untrodden jungle

ROSITA FORBES, the distinguished writer and traveller, has just returned from a year of exploration in the Latin Americas. This is the first of four articles which will reveal that great continent to our readers, not only as a gigantic commercial area, but as a field unknown by even the widely-travelled and a place of beauty pre-eminently to be visited by the discerning

When Europe talks of Argentina, conversation becomes involved in figures of astronomical dimensions. Before I left London I had been told about the size of the Republic, the extent of its production, and its effect upon the world's markets. I had heard that Buenos Aires reflects Paris and, inversely, that the Quartier de l'Opéra is largely supported by Argentines. New York had admitted the existence of rival millionaires connected with the Pampas, Deauville had mentioned Argentine horse-flesh, and St. Moritz the importance of the Tango.

With one exception, nobody spoke to me of scenery, because Argentina has been so interested in growing rich by means of her export trade that she has had no eye for her own beauties, unless they happened to be pedigree or feminine.

The general idea in Europe seems to be that, where Brazil ends, there is suddenly a flat plain covered with wheat, cattle, and pampas-grass! Somewhere on the edge of it is Buenos Aires. Two-thirds of the Republic, semi-polar or tropical, mountainous or thickly forested, are unrealized east of the Atlantic, yet these two-thirds contain the varied beauties of a continent.

The exceptional individual who did connect Argentina with the eighth wonder of the world was the art editor of an illustrated London weekly. He has a passion for deserts. For him, beauty is represented by camels on a skyline. When he heard I was going to South America, he snorted and drew trotting dromedaries on his blotting-paper. "Commerce," he said; "that is all you'll get." Then he became more cheerful: "Of course, there is Iguazú."

"What is it?" I asked.

"A waterfall, finer, I believe, than Niagara." But he did not know where it was.

That man receives the whole world, illustrated, in his morning post. He knows pictorially when there is an incident in Cochin China or a wreck off the Solomon Isles, yet he'd never heard of the flowering forests under the snows of Jujuy. He did not know that the Upper Paraná is the gateway of Iguazú and decorated with the same bamboo columns as Mandalay. He'd heard of Samarkand; he probably knew the dimensions of every mosque and market place within that legendary city, but he knew nothing of that other golden road across the Patagonian downs, which are thickly quilted with saffron-coloured neneo bush, to the Andene Lakes.

Within the bounds of one country, eliminating, therefore, all difficulties of customs and passports, there are the cliffs and fjords of Norway, accompanied, incidentally, by equally good fishing; the tropical scenery of Burmah; neri forests turning scarlet and gold like the far-famed maple woods of U.S.A.; mountains to rival the Alps or the Rockies; navigable rivers which traverse the whole scale of climates with their changing scenery, and a marvel like the silver scimitar of Iguazú bared suddenly from its sheath of jungle. Curious, isn't it, that the world which is interested in travel still continues to think of Argentina as an uninteresting flatness?

CIGARS ARE SMOKED by Paraguayan women more freely than the women of Europe smoke cigarettes

When Roosevelt, that mighty hunter before the Lord, saw Iguazú, the home of the rainbow, he is reported to have said, "Here is the grave of Niagara." For countless centuries these incredible falls, two great semi-circles 100 ft. high, divided by a spur of forest-covered rock, have been hidden in the middle of impenetrable jungle. To-day, owing to the enterprise of the Mihanovitch Company, they can easily be reached by comfortable river steamers. Twelve years ago there was only one paddle-boat on the Upper Paraná. Since then the number of landing-places between Iguazú and rail-head at Posadas has increased from six to forty-two.

Yet in 500 miles we did not pass half-a-dozen craft. Currents and rapids make navigation difficult, and for this reason, perhaps, the great tea-coloured stream is still comparatively devoid of traffic. Occasionally a Guarani hugs the bank in a canoe hollowed out of a log. Bamboos line the banks, their branches dissolving into green smoke. Macaws, screeching overhead, might be fragments torn from a sunset. Deer, the size of hares, creep down to drink. A jaguar may slink out of the undergrowth, or an ant-eater lumber in the wake of his own preposterous snout. Barges, laden with branches of maté, may slip down-stream, or an occasional tug put out from one of the Yerba Company's wharves, but the Upper Paraná is still primarily the road to Iguazú.

Where Brazil, Paraguay, and the Argentine meet in a welter of tropical forest, the Iguazú river empties its deep blue waters into the brick-brown rapids of the Upper Paraná. But before providing this curious spectacle it sweeps in a vast curve through forest untrodden by any foot, brown or white, and crashes over a series of horse-shoe cliffs separated by tiers of flowering trees. There is one place from where the full expanse of the falls can be seen. An indigo haze covers 1,000 leagues of forest. Where the branches widen after their struggle through 80 ft. of creeper and undergrowth, the effect is of trays heaped with blossom, scarlet, yellow, and purple. Tree-trunks are silver stripes in the foreground.

Above the vast and rolling web of green, where the shape and pattern of the bamboo is changed by every gust of wind and one growth is imposed upon another, so that in the steamy depths it is always dark, there hangs a cloud of foam. Out of it springs a rainbow and below it, where the river hurls itself into the gorge, the jungle is cleft into arches of crystal.

In the company of two Guaranis, a semi-Indian people who originate in

RUINS OF A JESUIT FOUNDATION at Trinidad on the upper reaches in Paraguay of the Parana, one of the loveliest rivers in the world both in scenery and surroundings

NT: IN SOUTH AMERICA TO-DAY

By
ROSITA FORBES

DWARFING NIAGARA: The Iguazu Falls which impressed so 100 per cent. an American as Roosevelt to such an extent that he yielded to them the palm thitherto conceded to the northern cataract

Paraguay but who provide most of the labour on the rivers, we paddled into the rapids above the cataract known as the "Devil's Throat." It seemed to me a hazardous proceeding. There was a leak in the bottom of the boat which we caulked with a strip of old canvas. After that we bailed. Our guides were so laden with arms—20 in. knives for cutting creepers, bill-hooks for undergrowth, revolvers in case we met a jaguar—that they had difficulty with the oars. The current caught us and swept us into a reef of bushes which hung perilously near the fall, but this was apparently expected.

We poled out, and inch by inch swung across the whirlpool till, soaked and blinded by the spray, we came to an outcrop of rock which has withstood centuries of erosion. To it clung coarse grass and a few bent trees. On either side of it rushed an immeasurable weight of water, so that it seemed as if the world were moving past us. The noise deafened us and our feet slipped on the boulders. Space was obliterated and time lost. Hypnotized by the masses of falling water we lay on the edge of a cliff and watched, 50 ft. away, what seemed to be the force and sound of one hemisphere translated into another!

On the way back we paused after prolonged conflict with the current on an island which shook as if it were a craft insufficiently anchored. At any moment I felt it might break loose and be swept over the steel-smooth curve of the falls, but the Guaranis wanted tortoise eggs for supper. While they searched for spoor, butterflies the size of saucers drifted overhead and a sticky yellow creeper tore at us with thorns hidden under the treacherous smoothness of its leaves.

The Guaranis found soft earth and began digging. A few inches underground were clutches of eggs like opaque glass balls, round, hard shelled, and white. There were twenty in one hole and sixteen in another. The guide said they would make an excellent omelette and he refused to be sorry for the tortoise. He assured us that she had no maternal instincts and that the eggs were hatched by the heat of the sun, after which the young scrabbled out of the hole and began to fend for themselves.

At Guayra, a few hours journey by Mihanovitch steamer north of Iguazú, there is another miracle of waters. At one moment the river is four miles wide, a smooth and placid stream drifting between low banks. At the next it is scrambling over a succession of rapids, under bridges made of steel ropes which are slung from one rock to another. In a chaos of spray it forces its way through clefts worn between spurs of forest, and heaps itself into a ravine hardly a hundred yards wide. It is a battle between land and water and as such magnificently destructive; whereas Niagara, an equal revelation of power, is harnessed for the purposes of construction. There is no mystery about Niagara. Surrounded by factories, power stations, and modern architecture, it represents the water wealth of North America, and it is as breathless as any other example of concentrated commercial force.

The Victoria Falls, when I saw them eighteen years ago, were almost as wild as Iguazú. I approached the falls by way of the Zambesi River in a canoe made out of a hollow tree trunk, propelled by half-a-dozen sweating blacks who prayed to strange gods because they were terrified of the current. But one could not see enough of Victoria to realize its complete beauty. From the opposite cliff, called the Rain Forest, one received a staggering impression of height, movement, and noise. The roar of the cataract excited tribes of baboons in the surrounding forests, and their barking added to the tumult. Some glimpses were incredibly lovely, but the falls as a whole were shrouded in mist. Iguazú, on the other hand, is clearly visible. In front of the comfortable wooden hotel built on high ground, the forest is spread out like one of those Persian carpets in which the design tells a story. In this case it is a tale of hidden treasure and adventure, for Iguazú is exciting as well as beautiful.

Yet it is unknown even to the majority of Argentines, who prefer to travel in Europe because there are fewer insects.

When we said we were going North in February, which in South America is very nearly midsummer, everyone told us it was impossible. We should get fever. We should die of heat apoplexy. We should be eaten by all forms of "bichos."

So we bought half the contents of a chemist's shop and used none of them. There were no mosquitoes. The smaller flies, which are regarded as a plague, were only visible in the forest, and they objected strongly to citronella. It was so cool at night that we lit a log fire. We met none of the ticks, against whose burrowing habits we'd been warned.

In fact, after travelling several thousand miles in Argentina, a large proportion of them by lorry or on horseback, I've come to the conclusion that the "bichos" are over-rated. I have met a few tarantulas, but nothing to compare with the hairy pink spiders as large as soup-plates which walked over my camp-bed in Baluchistan, or the huge centipedes of the South Sea Islands which leave a scarlet track wherever they go, or the Guinea worms of East Africa which the local inhabitants wind out of their legs on matches so that they shall not break in the middle. Even the "garapata" which made a nest in my back was friendly compared to some of the Eastern insects I have known too well.

So I don't see why "bichos" should put a stop to Argentine travelling. The country hotels seem to me to be just as comfortable as they are anywhere else. In Balkan villages they let beds, not rooms, and one eats one's dinner in the main street, having first picked it out with knife or fingers from the fire whereon it is publicly roasting, grilling, or boiling. Yet the Balkans are rapidly becoming the goal of tourists in search of something new.

"Argentines don't travel in Argentina" is part of the code of a society which finds nothing good out of Europe, but this can't apply to all Argentines, for Germans do travel and so do Italians. Sentimental or romantic, they wander about Europe, lodging in simple hotels, sleeping in second-class carriages, enchanted by beauty far less spectacular than Iguazú or Nahuel-Huapi. It may be that the Spanish Argentines won't travel in their own country or out of it unless fashion beckons, for there is a curious pride in the voices which say "We know nothing but Cordoba and Mar del Plata"—but what about the German and Italian and Irish Argentines, not to mention the Jewish and Scandinavian ones? If they knew where to go they would travel, and they wouldn't mind travelling hard. As a matter of fact the trains are more comfortable than the average European ones. They run on a wide gauge and they have about six times the number of sleepers in proportion to ordinary carriages. The mass of European travellers who sit up all night crowded into a meagrely upholstered carriage, scrambling out of it at dawn to fight for coffee and rolls on a frozen platform, are not the very rich, and in Argentina there is no need for them to be rich at all, because fares are cheaper than in Europe.

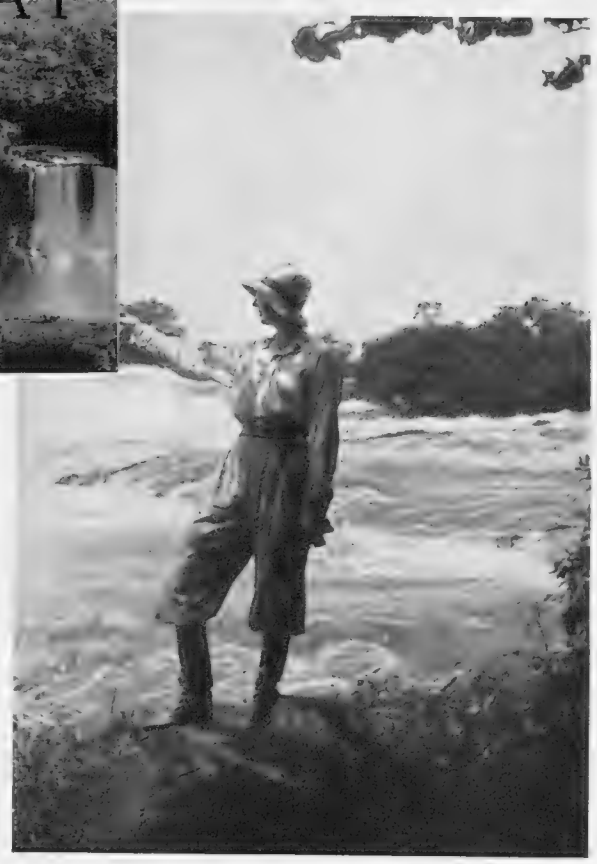
There should be more hotels and subsequently more excursion trains, but most of all advertisement is needed. During four months in Argentina I saw no advertisements which would make the average man feel he must start off for the northern forests or the southern lakes as soon as he could get leave, or sooner. Yet, one can't be four days in the U.S.A. without realizing that it is monstrous not to have seen the Yosemite Valley or half-a-dozen other cleverly advertised places forty-eight to ninety-six hours away. Distance, of course, doesn't matter if one is sufficiently tempted by posters which suggest a combination of Paradise and Paris.

Certainly, if the U.S.A. possessed that cluster of incredible lakes between Barriloche and the Chilean frontier, they would be as popular and as superlatively organized a playground as the Rocky Mountains.

Comparing North and South America, it is true that both send their most intelligent as well as their richest to Europe, but the habits of these pilgrims are different. The ordinary Yankee travels a great deal in his own country. I doubt if there is a popular beauty spot he doesn't know, and when he comes to Europe he doesn't stay in the capital cities. He is out to see everything and he doesn't miss much. The Argentine, on the contrary, rarely wanders beyond the fashionable centres where he is sure of meeting his own people or his cosmopolitan friends. He is only cosmopolitan so far as the spotlight of Society reaches.

If all the Argentine money which, during the last decade, has been spent in France alone had been put into the development of Argentina's beauties, they would be as popular and as famous as any of the North American tourist resorts. I don't believe that Argentines are never going to travel in their own country. They will do so as soon as they are sure of being able to get what they want on the Upper Paraná as easily as they can on the Seine or the Thames. They won't travel singly. You never see one Argentine or one swallow. They go about in flocks. The Englishman and the German like to be able to talk of some "little place" they have discovered; but the Argentine must have company and a gramophone. Even the tin "cafés" in Patagonia, one on each side of a mud alley, rival each other in the way of synthetic music. Frankly gregarious, Argentines must be tempted to travel in a crowd—their own crowd—or they won't travel at all.

The enterprising Mayor of Barriloche pointed out new houses, new schools, and new banks, but I could think of nothing but the incredible contrast of flame and ice. So when in Europe I hear the usual phrase about the Southern Republic's "undeveloped resources," I shall think not of oil, minerals, or intensive agriculture, but of the beauty of forest and mountain, waterfall and lake, which has not yet been introduced to a world hungry for new loveliness.



THE AUTHOR AT GUAYRA RAPIDS, where the tearing, rushing waters so shook the island that it seemed only with difficulty to resist being swept away

A PAYSANNE OF PARAGUAY: A characteristic type of the hinterland with the heavily wrinkled face, the prominent nose the hard black eyes, and the *poncho* or blanket generally worn or carried

A PAGE for FISHERMEN

A CARP-LADEN NET on the State demesne of Kottbus, Prussia, where some eighty ponds are used for breeding the fish, where they are kept in classes graded according to age In the spring they are transferred to other ponds. Two- and three-year-old carp are fished in October

FISH THAT FEED FROM THE HAND: A Chinese scaleless telescopic veiltail in a private aquarium. There is a craze for fish tanks in Mayfair to-day

CARP FROM KOTTBUS, PRUSSIA, where the sorting out of the new-born fish takes place every August. The table carp from the sale beds which are sold at the market held on the first Monday in September, are kept in special ponds ready to be laden on to the railway

THE MEAL: A John dory, one of the ugliest of funny creatures, swoops down on a shrimp. The name *dory* derives from *doré*—as the fish is of a yellow tone

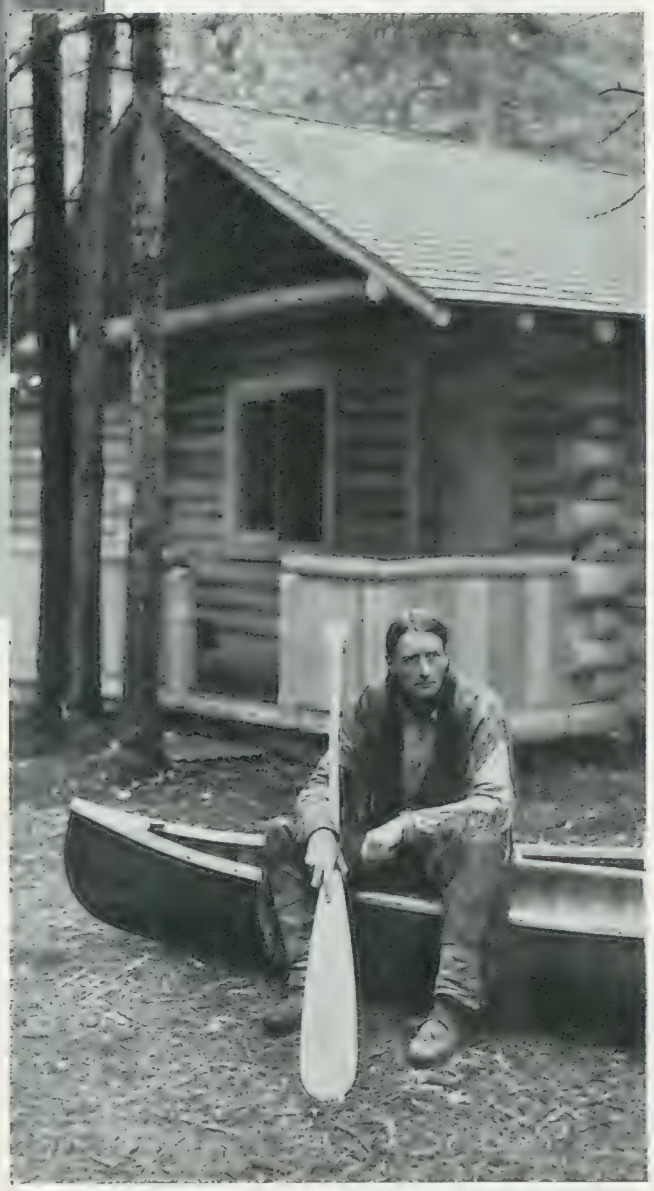
AN ECHO OF A HAPPY DAY: An autumnal scene on the Norfolk broads where a single rod can successfully cope with a lot of bream. This fresh water fish is to be distinguished from other carp by the depth of its body. Only owing to his fins has he maintained a vertical—not a flat—position

FROM TROPIC SEAS: The papagaya or rooster-fish, a fast-swimming, hard-fighting denizen of the deep whose dorsal fin resembles the comb and tail feathers of a rooster

GREY OWL . . and the LITTLE PEOPLE

JELLYROLL COMES ASHORE at the call of Grey Owl, the famous half-breed Indian scout who, returned from overseas service with the Canadian Forces, is now devoting himself to the beavers of the Great North West. Jellyroll relishes his favourite dish of boiled rice

A BEAVER LODGE partially opened up to show the entrance which is usually below water. A beaver was already at work carrying twigs over wherewith the damage was to be repaired. Grey Owl and his wife, Gertie Grey Owl, have been engaged on their humanitarian mission in Prince Albert National Park



BOUND FOR THE BEAVER DAMS: Grey Owl in his native Indian canoe

Grey Owl, a half-breed Indian Scout with the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the Great War, is fighting another battle to protect the weak. Up in the vast forests of Northern Canada he has become the firm and accepted friend of the Little Forest Folk, so much so that the Canadian Government has retained his services in the Prince Albert National Park, of Northern Saskatchewan, whither he has taken his pets, Rawhide and Jellyroll, who have raised a family

BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE: Grey Owl tends and feeds a baby beaver

GREY OWL AND HIS PET: During a trip Jellyroll, the beaver, climbs in and out of the canoe at call

MEDIÆVAL BAVARIA

THE POSTILLION of the post-chaise running from Holzkirchen to Dietramszell in the Bavarian Alps. He is dressed in top-boots, white breeches, a blue tail-coat, and a curious cockaded hat, and he carries the horn otherwise seen only in operetta

THE LAST POST (CHAISE) in regular use plies in the Bavarian Alps—but the service, which has hitherto endured through the train, the motor, the flying, and even the radio eras, is shortly to be discontinued

FROM HOLZKIRCHEN TO DIETRAMSZELL jogs the four-seater post-chaise of the Bavarian Alps. It suits with a singular appositeness the types of peasantry who patronize it

AT MITTENWALD a bal masqué is held every night, and one of the traditional masks is seen above in all its fantasy

MAKING MASKS: Villagers of Mittenwald, Bavaria, with their long pipes (one revolutionary smokes a cigarette!) make their traditional masks. *Inset above on right* is an old peasant whose youthful mask does not prevent him from falling asleep

MASKED DANCERS OF MITTENWALD: A scene at one of the nightly masked dances which are conducted to a primitive musical instrument

When the first snow falls in the Mittenwald mountains a mediæval custom is revived. Every evening a masked ball takes place in one or other of the cottages. The masks are made of wood and have been handed from generation to generation. In some cases they have been carved by the wearers in the long autumn evenings. The ancient custom gives the masks a certain tradition, and new masks can scarcely be distinguished from 300-year-old ones. The faces represented are superhuman either in beauty or in ugliness, and are exaggerated to the point of mysticism. The Mittenwald masks have a psychic background. At night the inhabitants awake to a second life. With the assumption of the masks they seem to change into the characters they represent and lead a hectic existence. These balls are objected to by the authorities, but against so deep-rooted a tradition there seems nothing to be done.

TWO CENTENARIES

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE: The centenary of the birth of Adolf Eric, Baron of Nordenskjoeld, whose attempt to go through the ice ocean from Stockholm was made in 1878-9, has just been celebrated. Only this year was the journey made without a halt

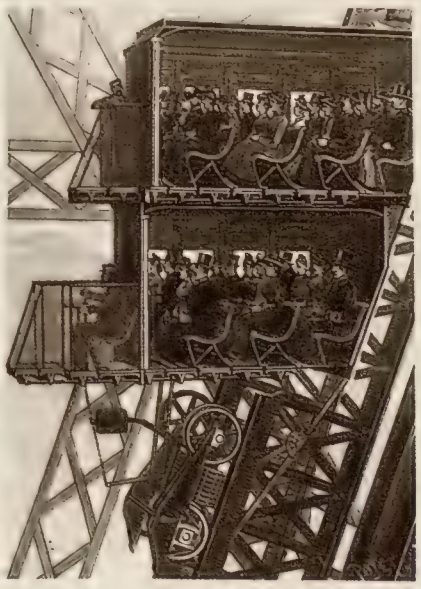
THE CROWN at once of the achievement and the life work of Gustave Eiffel is seen above in the spiral staircase leading from the third platform to the observatory at the summit up which ladies and gentlemen of the Bustle Period are seen making their cumbrous way. The tower is now used for radio purposes

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BEHRING ARM: The ship *Vega's* winter camp enforcedly made owing to the vessel's being frozen in. Nordenskjoeld returned to Stockholm so soon as released by the ice via Japan, India, and the Suez Canal. The unbroken journey has only this year been accomplished

GUSTAVE EIFFEL, who in '89 created the tower that bears his name for the Paris World Exhibition

FROM THE SECOND TO THE THIRD STOREY: Crossing from one of the lifts to the other. These elevators form the connection between the second and third stages, the latter of which is some 600 ft. high

THE WELCOME OF EUROPE: *Vega* arrives in Copenhagen Harbour in 1879 to be greeted with a spectacular fêting



THE LIFT which runs up a pillar to the first stage (375 ft.)

THE TRICOLOR hoisted by M. Eiffel at the completion of the summit of the tower

BARON NORDENSKJOELD

Born 18.11.1832

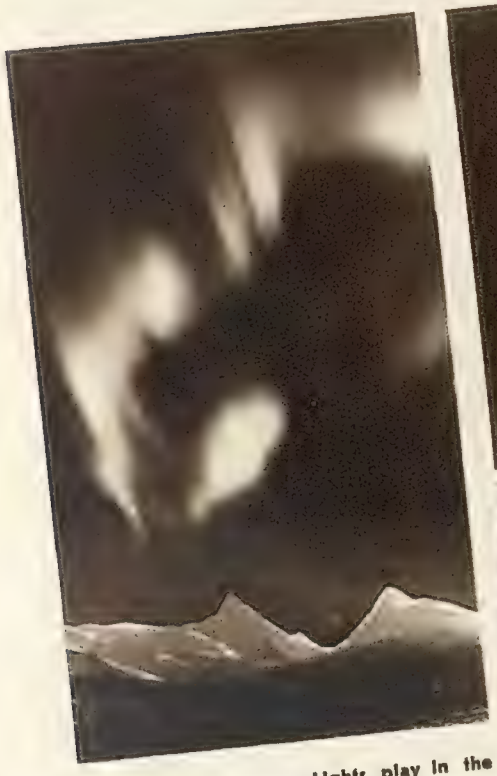
A Finn, or a naturalized Swede, Nils Adolf Erik Nordenskjoeld, was a distinguished traveller and the head of the mineralogical department of the Royal Museum at Stockholm. Two trips to the mouth of the Yenisei proved the navigability of the Kara Sea, and in June '78—September '79 he ploughed through the N.E. Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the north coast of Asia, with an enforced delay on the Behring Arm. Later he made two expeditions to Greenland and died full of years and honours in 1901

GUSTAVE EIFFEL

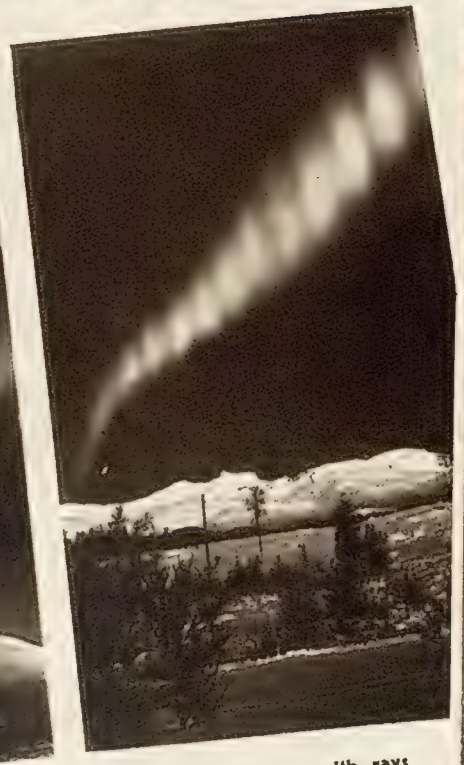
Born 15.12.1832

Gustave Eiffel, who is known to-day very largely by the tower that bears his name, was one of the first engineers to utilize air caissons. The bridge over the Garonne at Bordeaux and over the Douro at Oporto, and the viaduct of Garabit at Cantal were all designed by him. His masterpiece is 985 ft. high with foundations running 50 ft. into the earth over an area of 2½ acres. He was involved in a Panama Canal scandal and his fame was sullied for a season, but still rests secure on the slender spire of tracery in Paris

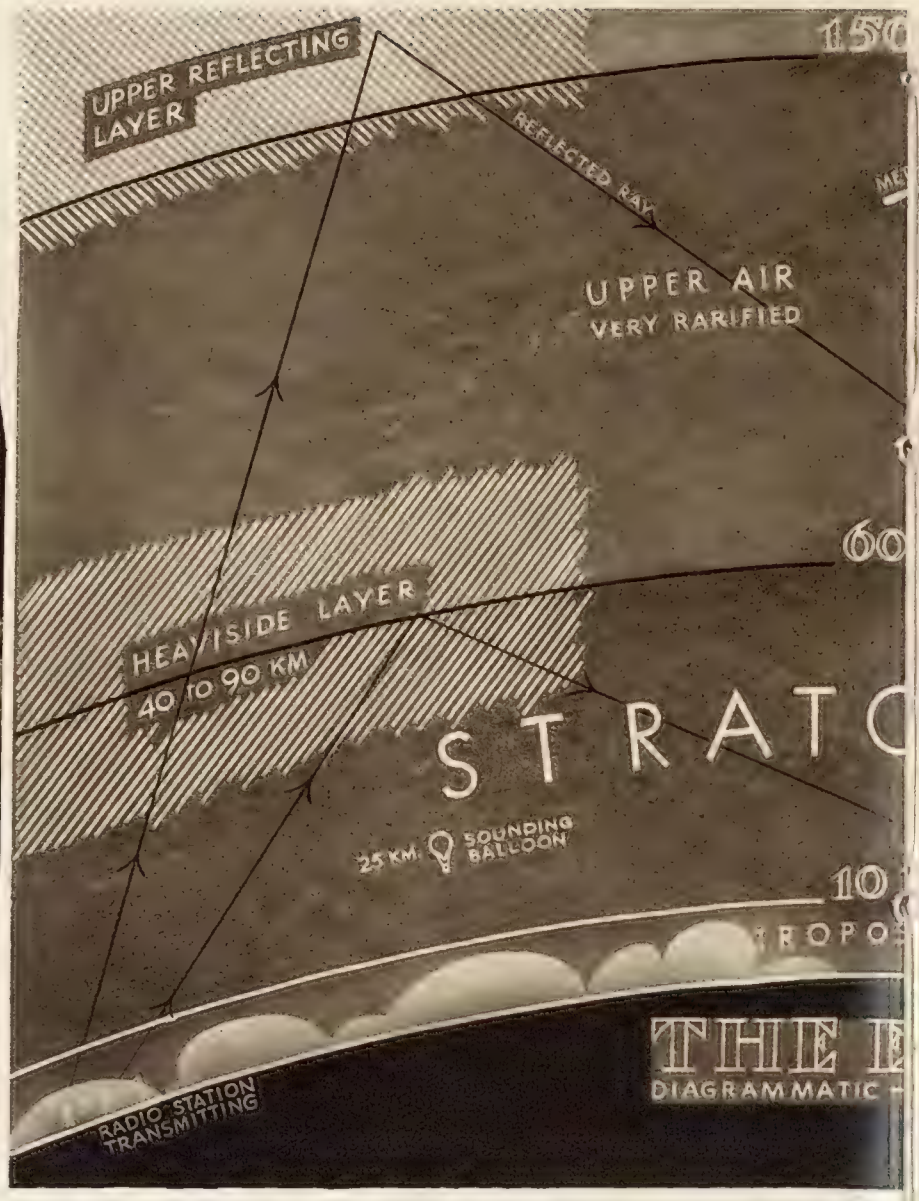
MEASURING THE INVISIBLE



Rays of the Northern Lights play in the sky in magnificent colours hanging like glowing curtains—one of the loveliest of phenomena



Northern Lights ribbon with rays stretching out therefrom. The rays appeared green showing beneath a red edge



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE ATMOSPHERE through which the cosmic rays reach the they reach the outer confines of the earth's atmosphere and in a constant

People have so got used to wireless with its unexpected and apparently magical properties that we are all of us reconciled to see and appreciate feats of science no less wonderful; so much so is this true that it is easy in these days to fall unwittingly into the position of being prepared to believe anything that is told us. It is, however, generally acknowledged that a great number of the common things we experience, when measured mathematically, are nothing but a sequence of differing waves of vibrations—more properly radiations—the difference in each kind being the actual length of the wave from crest to crest. These range from the very longest used, the Hertzian rays of wireless telegraphy, up to some three thousand metres wave-length, down to the very smallest and almost infinitesimal sizes which can be measured or calculated. The wave-lengths of light of all the different colours which form the spectrum are so small that the unit adopted for measurement is only one ten millionth of a millimetre. Yet these represent only the beginning of a whole series of much shorter waves, starting with the invisible ultra-violet. Beyond the most extreme ultra-violet are the X-rays of high penetration, now familiar to the world, followed by other shorter and even shorter radiations. Scientists use the expressions "soft" and "hard" to distinguish colloquially the difference between these radiations, the smallest and "hardest" of all being the most penetrating waves ever discovered, the cosmic rays. About these very little is known; but where ordinary X-rays can be stopped by lead with a thickness of a fraction of an inch the cosmic rays seem capable of penetrating lead of many feet in thickness!

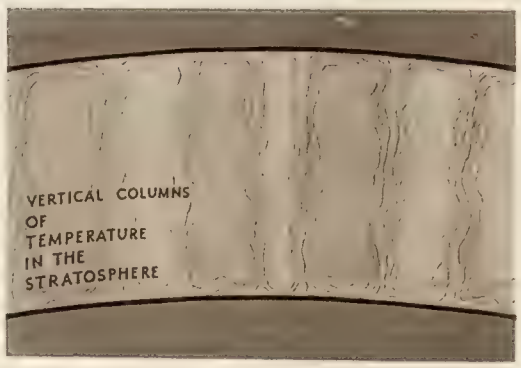
A film of the Northern Lights showing the development of the drapery of the Aurora Borealis

The most startling fact about this radiation is that it is ever-present and practically constant; that is to say it does not appear to vary with the temperature, with day and night, or with the position of the sun or stars. Nor does it appear to be affected by the magnetic field of the earth as measurements made in different places near or far from the magnetic North Pole are identical; all of which suggests that the cosmic rays have some distant mysterious origin, and that they are so hard and penetrating that they are uninfluenced and unconnected with usual phenomena. The first clue to suggest that their origin is in outer space came from the fact that they are found to be stronger, when measured on mountain heights, or up in a balloon, than on the normal surface of the earth. Hence it is that scientists are anxious to take measurings as high in the upper air as possible, for it is by such means that our knowledge of these rays will be increased.

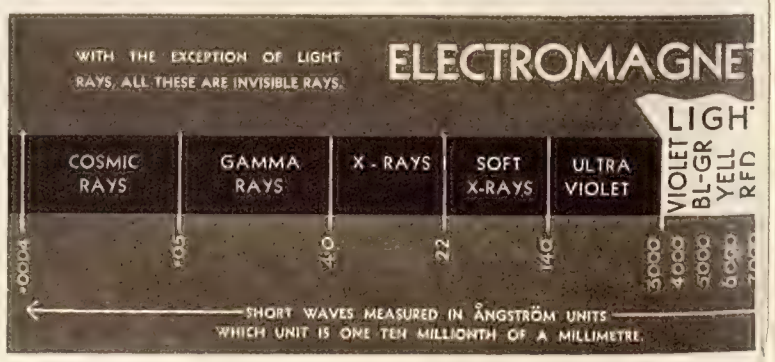
Professor Piccard has succeeded in reaching heights exceeding those previously achieved by man, by the use of a specially constructed balloon; but balloons carrying recording instruments only have successfully been sent up to a height of some 27 kms., which is equivalent to a distance of about half as high again. All these attempts, though greatly in excess of ordinary aeronautical heights, are but elementary probings into the critical regions of the upper atmosphere, which relatively extend for a vast distance.

This early exploration may, therefore, be only the beginning of a wider knowledge. It is not yet definitely known what the effect of height is upon the observed behaviour of the cosmic rays, nor how they are affected by the layers or blankets presumed to exist at certain levels in the atmosphere.

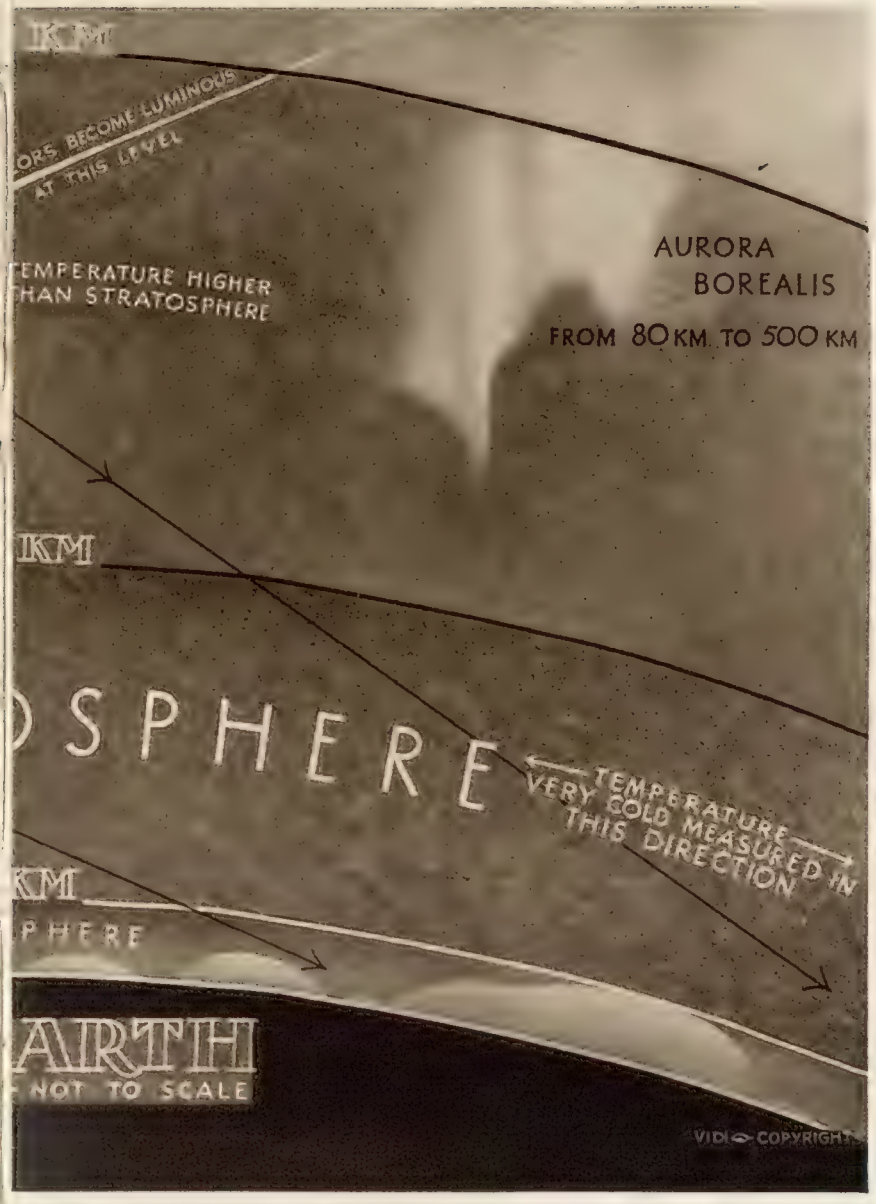
Reference to the diagram will show the various phenomena in the higher levels of the air, some of which are definitely known to be inter-connected. Above the earth there are distinct regions in the air which have widely differing properties. The first section is the part we know best of all, which is distinguished chiefly by the clouds, and where the temperature falls rapidly as we mount higher and higher in the air. The second section is the peculiar zone known as the stratosphere. This begins about 10 kms. up, and it is into this that the first journeys have been made. Here there are practically no clouds and the temperature is extremely low. The strange thing, however, is that variations in the temperature seem to occur in a horizontal and not a vertical direction; this would suggest that the air exists here in vertical columns or masses with an even temperature from top to bottom. Air resistance as we know it practically does not exist, and it is thought that the



In the Stratosphere the variations in the temperature seem to occur in a horizontal and not a vertical direction implying columns of equally heated air



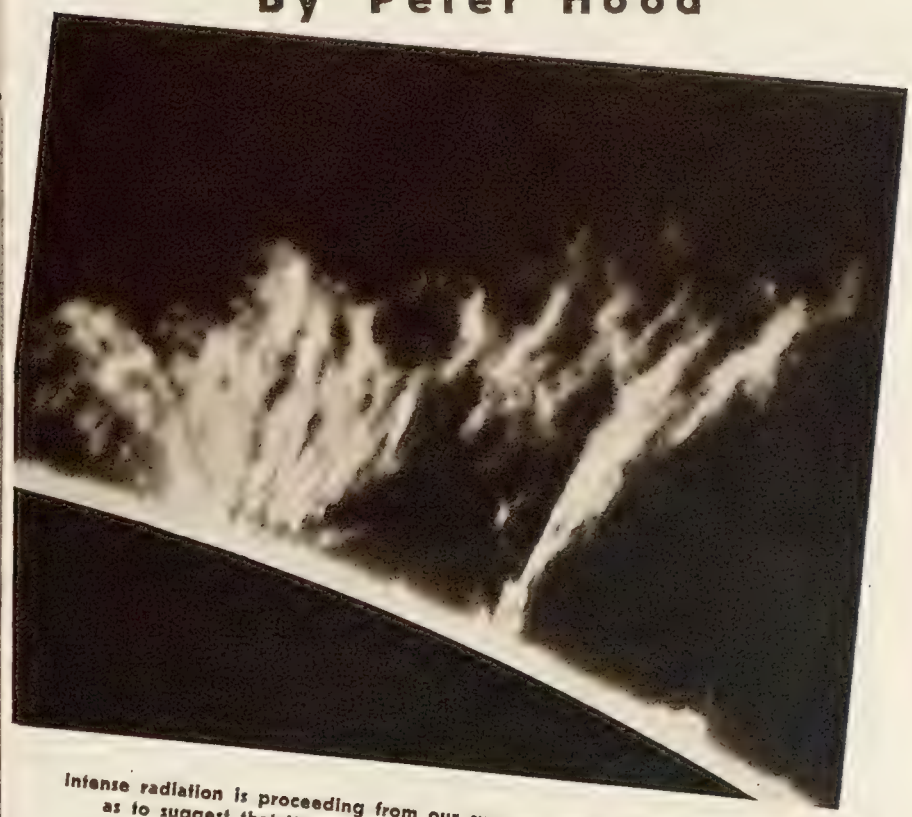
This scale shows the relative positions of all the various types of electro mag wave-length shown to the longest Hertzian or wireless waves. The "hardest" presence is only detected and amplified by the most elaborate apparatus. are only measured in a roundabout way by the ionization of gases in a which is measured as an electrical effect; hence it is of the utmost import above the long diagram was invented



earth (and Piccard instruments in balloons); apparently from some outside celestial source stream penetrate the various layers. They are the "hardest" known rays

THE COSMIC RAYS

By Peter Hood

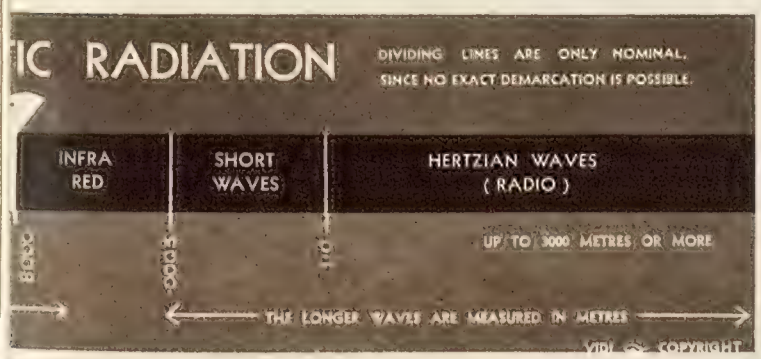


Intense radiation is proceeding from our sun and other suns in such a manner as to suggest that it can only arise from the breaking down of matter or a violent transference from one state to another. The reception of cosmic rays is unaffected by the transition of day and night

air-liners of the future will be so constructed that they can reach this level, where with little resistance they will be able to shoot across the earth at astounding speeds.

An air-liner in this region could not maintain a level course as an ordinary aeroplane does in the lower part of the atmosphere unless constructed as an airship. As this is so far impracticable inventors are trying to exploit the principle of the rocket; but the flight of a rocket ship would necessarily be in a continuous curve as traced by a projectile.

By permission of the Cambridge Instrument Co.
The highly sensitized electro-meter which registers the intensity of the reception of the cosmic rays and the means by which their existence was proved



netic radiation in their proper sequence from the cosmic rays of the shortest waves are on the left. As we cannot directly see or hear wireless waves their In the same way, cosmic rays, being almost infinitesimal as well as invisible, closed vessel (ionization being the removal of an outer electron from an atom) ance to have a specially super-sensitive instrument. The electro-meter pictured by Professor Lindemann of Oxford

The strange part about these different levels in the atmosphere is that whilst they are known to represent distinct zones, each with differing characteristics, we see nothing of these peculiarities with our ordinary eyes, beyond the ordinary clouds in the sky which are relatively close to us and move about in the lowest level. Observations of meteors and the aurora do give some clues, but knowledge is chiefly built up by thermal, barometric, and electrical measurements; so it is very largely a problem of measuring the invisible. In this connection it is interesting to note that the fading in radio transmission has been shown to be caused by a reflecting or transmitting layer at a great height, which varies in strength or altitude.

This is known as the Kenelly-Heaviside layer of a height varying between 40 and 90 kms. Another layer of a similar type would appear to exist at a height of some 150 kms. to 300 kms., since wireless waves appear to be reflected from a higher as well as a lower level. Radio transmission which has an upward direction may, therefore, be reflected back to the earth again, either by the lower or the higher of these layers, or it may sometimes pass right through both of them into outer space away from the world.

If these measurements when recorded appear to be vague, it is only because knowledge as yet is imperfect, and all the observations have not yet been co-ordinated and tested. A glance at the diagram, however, will show that these radio-reflecting layers coincide firstly with the upper edge of the stratosphere, and secondly with the highest level of all, indicated, which suggests that they may not be layers at all, but rather boundaries between one region and another.

That the cosmic rays are able to penetrate to the surface of the earth without any deviation or any connection with other forces, and that their hardness surpasses anything yet known, seems to prove their exceptional nature. Their origin is still a mystery. Two opposite and contradictory explanations have been put forward as to where these rays come from and what they are. Sir James Jeans maintains that their energy is so fierce that they can have originated in no less a catastrophe than the annihilation of matter which would release untold force as radiation.

Moreover, that as this process is going on in our sun and other suns, for nothing else can account for the way in which the sun and stars pour forth energy over millions of years, when ordinary combustion would consume them in a very short time—it seems apparent that the rays must come from celestial objects.

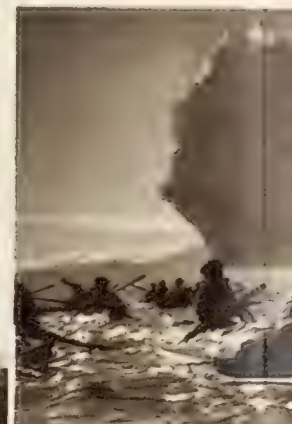
This theory, carried to its logical limit, shows that in time all matter "melts" into radiation, and, therefore, the universe will some day cease to exist. Professor Millikan, by a different reasoning, supposes that the cosmic rays represent an atom-building process, as there seems to be no other known transformation which can account for the necessary energy. That, far from being messengers of the death of the universe, they announce the building up of matter, and are so to speak the echo of creation.

The delicate instruments for atmospheric registration in the Einstein Tower near Potsdam. They are all mounted on concrete bases and are under glass covers

FILM and FACT in GREENLAND'S ICY

THE MOTH ON THE BASE FJORD IN WINTER: An illustrati
the official account of the British Arctic Air-Route Expedition, 19
that will for ever be associated in the public

Flight-Lieutenant N. H. D'Aeth, R.A.F., who contributes Appendix I (on flying work) to *Northern Lights*, states that the machine is a D.H. box Moth with a Gipsy 1 engine. For winter flying she had a standard Canadian-type ski under-carriage, but otherwise one with floats, designed and built by Short Brothers for emergency landings on snow or ice. Her sister-ship was

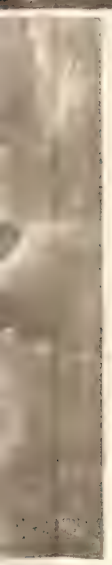


AN IMPORTED FILM STAR: One of the polar bears sent by Hagenbeck's Zoo at Hamburg back to its ancestral (though not its native) home, Greenland, for the Universal film, *S.O.S. Iceberg*. He is seen splashing about in the water, while one of the staff (to judge by his attitude of adjuration) is imploring and commanding him to "hold" the pose. *Above on Left*—GREENLAND OF THE FILMS: A shot from the Universal production, *S.O.S. Iceberg*. Rescuing the heroine from the ice

HOW LONG DO I HOLD THIS? A Hagenbeck bear posed on an icy outcrop i
Greenland for the Universal Film. The pictures on this page are all genuinely o
Greenland, although some of them are cinematographic stills, and others a grea
expedition's records. *Above on right*—THE SHADOW OF THE NORTH:
scene in the production of *S.O.S. Iceberg*. A group of Eskimo in their native canoe
is seen above in the shadow of great frozen masses of ice and snow

illustration from *Northern Lights*, by F. Spencer Chapman—edition, 1930-31—showing the *mise-en-scène* of the expedition he public mind with the name of Courtauld

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE: A mother polar bear helps her cubs on to an ice-floe. A verbatim passage from *Northern Lights* describes the event as follows: ". . . Although the polar bear can move with great rapidity on ice or land it is a slow swimmer. . . . The leading bear dived clumsily every few minutes, each time almost drowning her cub who was swimming just behind her. . . . Finding she could not escape us, she presently clambered out on to an ice-floe with extraordinary agility. . . . She waited there snarling and restlessly swinging her snake-like neck from side to side, while the cub made vain attempts to follow its mother. She looked behind her as if meditating escape, and then after lowering her nose and touching her cub she put down a vast forepaw and hauled him up bodily by the scruff of his neck. Then the two shambled off across the floe and took to the water on the other side"



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fitted with a ski under-carriage only. They had a range of 550-600 miles (7½ hours) in still air. The paucity of open water leads made flying a very hazardous enterprise. This distinguished volume, published by Chatto and Windus, and written by F. Spencer Chapman, has a foreword by Admiral Sir William Goodenough, President of the Royal Society; an introduction by the late H. G. Watkins, the leader of the expedition whose tragic death last summer in a kayak canoe was the occasion for world-wide regret; and additional chapters by J. M. Scott, Captain P. M. H. Lemon, and Augustine Courtauld.

On right—A FÖHN GALE APPROACHING FROM THE ICE-CAP: This illustration from *Northern Lights* was taken just before a 130+ m.p.h. gale which lashed the sea into spray that rose 100 ft. and rocked great icebergs like corks, uprent the expedition's wireless mast, and blew away anyone who tried to move even on all fours

THRILLS ON GREENLAND'S SHORES

Some Visions of the Free and Open Life amid the Ice and Snow of Greenland

The icy lands of the world seem to have periods of popularity; at one time there will be a burst of North Polar effort, to be followed by expedition after expedition to the Antarctic. Now it seems to be the turn of Greenland, a fascinating land of which only the edges were known until recent times. Vikings reached it long ago through the golden mists of the saga days. Later Anglo-Saxon pioneers pushed up its western shores and, later still, the great ones of polar exploration traversed for the first time its mysterious ice cap. Knud Rasmussen and other ethnographers have been studying the engaging Eskimo, and introducing a more modern touch; there has come the Greenland air route expedition which has just chronicled its first expedition in a remarkably readable volume entitled *Northern Lights*, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. To add the final touch of modernity, film producers have been using the icebergs and floes of Greenland as background for their latest polar films, *taking their own bears with them.* *(See previous pages.)*

But it is with actualities of exploration life in Greenland that we deal here. *Northern Lights* records the work of a young band of brothers, brought together from various reasons into this ice-bound land, and a remarkable story it is, told in a frank and easy manner very welcome to a reader of foreign exploration.

These young men found themselves faced with all the difficulties of Arctic life at their base near Angmagssalek. They might be working in pairs, or singly, or be all crammed together in a mess room where the least idiosyncrasy might lead to trouble.

"One man," we read, "might have an unduly quick temper, another continually might be doing ridiculous things, while another might be so untidy that everything he used would be left out in the snow. Yet we had hardly any quarrels. The average age of the expedition was very much younger than that of any other expedition; that perhaps was our saving grace. We had not reached the age when a man's opinions are crystallized; we could usually see the other man's point of view. Being young, if one of us thought another any kind of fool he just told him so in no uncertain language, and that was the end of the matter. It is the greatest mistake to brood over a thing; any difficulty or sore point must be brought to the light of day whatever effort it may cost. And any form of sarcasm is fatal."

Life at this winter base had all the characteristic features of polar work, with the exception of the difference introduced by the proximity of the Eskimo. On the Great Barrier there were only the dogs and the penguins. Here in this lower latitude there was human life to deal with. Some of the young Eskimos proved very teachable in mechanical matters, learning how to use outboard motors. But they were not alone; silhouetted against the snow-white background would appear their sisters, cousins, and aunts, many of them evidently possessed of all the arts of Eve.

"The day the *Quest* sailed for Kangerdlugsuak three girls, beautifully dressed but rather shy and giggling, arrived at the base and offered to clean the place up. Lemon got them to scrub the floor of the base, to sew the curtains, and to do the cooking, while the men, who soon arrived in their kayaks, carted wood and did other heavier jobs. The girls wanted to stay, but as food was short, and Lemon didn't want to compromise himself—chaperons being rather scarce in this district—he set off in a motor-boat to take them home. Unfortunately the outboard motor-boat broke down and he had to row four miles home.

"Our permanent staff consisted of Arpika, the oldest and most sensible of the girls; Gertrude, the prettiest, who expected to be made a fuss of and at first only worked when she felt like it; and Tina, Gertrude's younger sister, an incredibly sluttish and dirty girl who was given such jobs as cleaning the pans, peeling potatoes, and washing up. The party was completed by Gustari, a youth of about eighteen, who helped with heavier jobs."

There were Eskimo hunters, too, who paid frequent visits, doing a turn of work for the expedition from time to time.

One member of the expedition, Lemon by name, had to look after all these visitors, a work requiring no little tact.

"At the end of August Lemon was busy fitting up the dark room and installing a sink; he was also putting in electric light throughout the base, which would be run off the charging motor. The wireless transmitter frequently broke down, and this alone occupied several mornings. On top of all this he had some trouble with the staff, and decided to reduce it till there were more of us back at the base. Gertrude, who had ceased to do any work, was given notice, but she refused to go home, feigning illness. Lemon prescribed a large dose of castor oil. She took it, licked the spoon both sides, and asked for more! She had never tasted anything so good. Next day Lemon took her home in the motor-boat regardless of her tears."

Gertrude, one of the prettily dressed Eskimo girls who used to look after the domestic life of the base of the Greenland Air Expedition from time to time. This particular maiden was not a hard worker and had to be gently but firmly conveyed back to her people

The picture of Gertrude, with her many-coloured blouse and her long white boots, sitting disconsolately in the bow, makes an intriguing one for an artist.

The control of the base was further enlivened by the fact that the Eskimo has somewhat specialized ideas of cleanliness. When these particular ones were told to wash up the cups and saucers they threw them out of the window—luckily all the crockery was made of tin—and the dogs licked them nice and clean. The natives were quite hurt when told to wash them again. However, this was very early in the expedition; later on they were not nearly so fussy. It was quite impossible for the Eskimo staff to remember anything from one day to another.

"The kitchen stove would have to be relit six or seven times each morning, while coal and water were invariably 'perangera.' (This was a most expressive and much-needed word signifying 'there isn't any'; it is used to say there are no seals about as well as to break the news a few minutes before lunch-time that the water-pan is empty and no ice has been brought up from the foreshore. The real spelling is 'parangilak, but I have written it as pronounced.) Lemon always had to be very careful not to hurt their feelings for they were very prone to sulk, weep, and have hysterical fits."

All these expeditions are full of fretful troubles to which the blizzard adds its dire and sometimes death-dealing note. Fingers and nose get frost-bitten and require instant treatment to save them. Then it is that one sometimes wonders "why am I here?"—a passing mood pushed aside by such sights of grandeur as the following:

"At the top of a projecting tongue of the glacier was a huge green cave in the ice, and pouring from it with a roar an intermittent stream of small pieces of ice which splashed into the water a few hundred feet below. Presently, as we watched, a piece of ice as big as a house crashed off the glacier, sending out waves which made our boat rock like a cork. Then to our joy, for it was a spectacle far beyond the description of words, the whole roof of the cave crumbled in and, with a shower of débris and powdered ice, poured into the sea."

And then a snowy night will be lit with the uncanny curtains and beams of the aurora, pale glimmerings tinged with crimson or purple alternating with green glowings like car headlights over the hillside, and the utter detachedness of life on the great white waste of the ice cap, was an unforgettable experience.

Flying machines are nowadays an almost essential part of the equipment of an Arctic expedition. Two machines were employed by the Courtauld Expedition. One of them is shown on the preceding double page in a telling picture obtained during the winter season when the machine was equipped with ski. Conditions were not always favourable for general air work, there frequently being too much ice when the machines were equipped with floats, and required convenient leads of water to alight upon. But given reasonable conditions of ice and weather the 'planes at once became of extreme use in solving any number of problems. Witness the following statement by one of the flying officers of the party:

"Two flights were made in February, chiefly to look for the Ice Cap Station and to drop letters, books, and luxuries to Courtauld. It was not till February 8 that conditions were suitable to look for him. D'Aeth and I then went up, it being the day before his accident. This was my first flight, and it was exciting to be making it over the frozen fiords of Greenland. We took off on skis so easily that I didn't know we had left the ground till I saw the ski-tracks and flags receding below me. From above, the whole fiord was transformed and elucidated. Stumbling about among the floes I had seen through a glass darkly, but up here all its secrets were revealed. A fox-track which I had followed for hours on the day before, and then mysteriously lost, could now be clearly seen running along the edge of a lead and then disappearing into a pile of snow-covered rocks. I could see the tracks where seals had been dragged home from all parts of the fiord, the patch of blood on the ice where they had been shot, and the tracks of our dogs coming out to investigate."

There must be a final quotation from this fascinating book:

"It was already dark when we got home and the Eskimos were unusually happy. It had been a good day and several hunters had returned with seals. These were spread out on the floor of the "ito," and the women immediately started to cut them up. Although the natives are clean enough on their sleeping benches, the floor seemed not to be considered a part of the house.

"Every part of the seal is utilized. The meat is their staple diet; the skin of the big, bearded seal (Phoca barbata) is used for covering umiaks and for tents, and is cut into short thongs for hunting. Medium-sized skins, such as those of the bladder-nosed and Greenland seals (Cystophora cristata and Phoca Greenlandica), are used for covering kayaks, for making waterproof clothing, and the soles of boots; while the small fiord seals' skins are used to make clothing, dog-harness, boots, and gloves. The sinews are carefully cut out and separated, then plaited together, being rubbed up and down the cheek to twist them together. As seal sinew stretches when wet, it makes the only known perfect water-tight stitching. The blubber is not only used in the lamps but is eaten raw by itself, and the oil used to pickle berries, the leaves of the sedum and dwarf birch, or almost any other food. Not a drop of blood is allowed to waste, but is kept and poured into the skin of the stomach to make blood-sausages. The liver and kidneys are, of course, delicious, while some of us thought the head the best part."

The Eskimo women are adepts at skinning and cleaning seals. This one is standing at the sea edge cutting open the centre one of the three seals. Both illustrations are from *Northern Lights*, by courtesy of Chatto and Windus

"VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD," by Philip de Laszlo—the portrait presented to the notable figure of the League by Mr. Stanley Baldwin last Monday in the Great Hall of University College

PORTRAITURE of TO-DAY

"CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR SOMERSET," by H. Harris Brown, R.P. Captain Somerset, a great social figure deriving from John of Gaunt through the ducal house of Somerset, is a grandson of Raglan of the Crimea and the uncle of the present Lord Raglan

"CHARLES, JAMES, AND JOHN DAVID MACDONALD," a charming canvas by William O. Hutchison

"MISS JULIA TODD," a brilliant study of childhood in the Portrait Painters' Exhibition by Kathleen Mann

"TERESINA," the distinguished ballerina—a new portrait by M. Leon-Zack, shown in the Salon of the Surindépendants, Paris, one of whom, contrary to the majority of modern Continental schools, is so independent as to be true to life—a welcome innovation to Philistines and others

"MR. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C., M.P.," by Alfred A. Wolmark. Mr. Knight is Member for South Nottingham, and was the initiator of the movement to open the Bar to women. He is Senior Counsel to the Mint

"MR. BOROUGH JOHNSON," an artist of distinction, painted by Mayer Klang—one of the many fine portraits in the 1932 Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly, which, having opened last month, closes on Christmas Eve, after presenting to London a stimulating show

BOOKS: The Candour of Joffre : A Boy's Hero : A New Vision of Il Duce : and also of Ourselves

By CECIL ROBERTS

There cannot be many more memoirs to come from the great figures of the War. Most of them have written unfortunate or negligible books, perhaps the worst among these being French's. There now comes to hand *The Memoirs of Marshal Joffre* (Geoffrey Bles. Two vols., 18s.). They are extremely detailed, and, for the general reader, candour compels one to admit, extremely dull. The student of military tactics will find them a mine of information, for Papa Joffre appears to have kept the fullest notes at a time when most men's minds were not equal to maintaining equanimity in the face of new and overwhelming world events. He failed, as all the generals in a war that was too great for them failed, and he was swept aside by politicians searching for the soldier who could deliver a victory. Yet of them all, excepting Hindenburg and the Grand Duke Nicholas, he held power in the most difficult time, was faced by the most inconstant circumstances, and took the boldest decisions.

The story he gives us of Mons, from the French angle, naturally tends to minimize our own contribution, but that is inevitable in memoirs of this nature. What does emerge from these two volumes is the determination with which he prevented personal loyalties and affections from interfering with his cool judgment of the generals under his command. When the French armies went into the field some of their commanders proved total failures. In the testing time they developed nerves or lacked courage. Joffre dealt with them ruthlessly and yet fairly. There was the case of General Laurezac. "His physical fatigue had intensified a tendency to criticize, which had always been one of the marked characteristics of his nature. He had become hesitating and timorous." Joffre saw him and deprived him of his command. He was sent to Galliéni with a covering letter. "His lack of enterprise and his indecision constituted a danger for this army. You must not pay any attention to his pessimism. I put him at your disposition. Do what you like with him." The irony—that in the course of time the same complaint was to be made against Joffre, and that he should be retired on the same grounds!

There are some striking passages on French, in whom Joffre had confidence. "Unfortunately he was rent between two influences." These were General Wilson and General Murray. Wilson and Joffre saw eye to eye. "It was a relief to us when a few months later General Murray was called back to England." French, although Joffre had confidence in him, comes in for some severe criticism in these volumes. "I am obliged to say that the precipitation with which the British Army got itself relieved from the Aisne front caused, as I had predicted when the question arose, the almost complete interruption during ten days of the transport of the French troops towards the northern theatre of operations. The definite loss of the rich region centring in Lille was due, in my opinion to this operation." It is a view that will be strongly contested by the British command.

Joffre's criticism of Mr. Winston Churchill's Antwerp adventure seems justified by the facts and the result. It is revealed by Joffre that he secured the cancellation of French's recall at the time when Kitchener had determined to replace him with Sir Ian Hamilton. Joffre saw Kitchener and protested so strongly against the change that the proposal was dropped. When at last French was recalled Joffre was filled with regret. "It was with considerable emotion that I saw him leave. He had been my comrade in my darkest hours and I could never forget with what loyalty he had carried out everything he had promised." Joffre had the soldier's customary hatred of the politicians, not only those of France but of allied countries. He agreed with an officer who was prejudiced enough to declare, "We have to take into account the British politicians who, after the Germans, are our worst enemies." In the same sentence Joffre is gracious enough to state "there was no doubt that the British Army was honestly disposed to make every sacrifice."

This is something to be grateful for after Foch's Memoirs, in which he seemed scarcely aware that the British were ever fighting in France. When Joffre went it was in the spirit of an earlier letter he had addressed to the Minister of War. "The Commander-in-Chief is responsible to the Government, who can replace him if they do not approve of his actions. There can exist no other control during a war." In that spirit Joffre went, and Nivelle's disastrous régime began. These memoirs, which bear the stamp of candour and will add to Joffre's reputation, close with his visit to America.

There is a house in Nottingham which for many years bore on its nursery walls the signatures of three children. One of these signatures was "Tim." The subsequent years have made that name familiar at Brooklands. I must have been among the very first to see the present Sir Henry Birkin drive a car. Calling one day for lunch, I encountered on the drive a small boy sitting in a pedal toy motor. Since then Sir Henry's taste for speed has grown. The thrill obtained from his exploits on the racing tracks of Europe is excellently conveyed in a book, *Full Throttle*, which Sir Henry Birkin has written. (Foulis. 7s. 6d.). It is admirably illustrated and written and there is no need for the note of apology regarding the literary performance of the author. "I have dedicated the book to schoolboys all over the world, partly a piece of publisher's diplomacy to make the schoolboys' mothers buy it for the schoolboys' Christmas present, and partly out of a genuine gratitude. On the day of a big race I have never been without some mascot of heather, or a black cat, sent from this quarter and I am most sensible of the interest taken."

HERR EMIL LUDWIG, whose remarkable book on Il Duce is reviewed by Mr. Roberts on this page

He writes very passionately about England's backwardness in the matter of building racing cars. He tells us his heart and soul are given up to racing. The odds were against him from a family point of view. His eldest brother, a friend of mine, an airman, was killed in the War. Another brother was killed in the Isle of Man motor-cycle T.T. race. No wonder Sir Stanley quailed at the thought of his remaining son challenging the speed god. "To consent was most gallant, but he could never bear to watch my races, and had them compressed into telegrams sent off every half hour . . . . until the bulletin arrived my father would see nobody, speak to nobody, and take no food."

Admirals want bigger navies, generals want larger armies, air-marshals want more aeroplanes, headmasters want more educational funds; all specialists lose a sense of proportion. Sir Henry is furious with us for not having a first-class road course. Away with the beauty lovers—"whenever speed is murmured they rush up on to a high and lonely hill in their little shorts and open shirts, and setting their enormous banner in the ground cry, 'No roadster shall pass this way.'" I have felt like that myself, with reason. When I acquired a cottage, in search of peace, and was careful to buy one off a main road, I did not know then that motorists love the side lanes, since they are difficult to drive through. My days have been made hideous by motor trials, hordes of motor-cycle and small-car hooligans. Even the night has been turned into a hell. Once, from midnight to dawn, my cottage was shaken by cars racing by, their terrific exhausts filling the night. The London-to-Gloucester Night Trials had chosen the route under my garden window. At dawn I got into my car and came to London to get quiet and sleep. Sir Henry heads his plea for more noise and more speed with a chapter entitled "England, My England." But it happens to be other people's England also.

Most of the people who go to interview Mussolini approach him in a spirit of idolatry. He can do no wrong, and their testimonies are quite valueless. What kind of a man is this who has changed the face of Italy, derided democratic government, imprisoned his enemies, made martial speeches, and yet, alone among statesmen, has kept in the saddle and brought Italy into the front rank of nations? We seem near to the truth in the series of interviews which Emil Ludwig has recorded in *Talks with Mussolini* (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.).

Herr Ludwig started out with prejudice. "Mistrust of the Dictator had been active in me for five years. Many of my Italian friends were hostile to his régime. Whenever I visited Italy I noted the omnipresence of uniforms, flags, and emblems whose sun was setting in Germany." Speaking Italian, although Mussolini speaks fluent French and German, Herr Ludwig interviewed Mussolini daily for an hour for twelve days. The meetings took place in the Dictator's immense room in the Palazzo di Venezia at Rome. The discussions were of the frankest nature, and some of the questions must have hit Mussolini somewhat hard. But he never flinched, and the reader, like Herr Ludwig, will end this book with considerable admiration. He made no plea of consistency, he stood by his actions, but out of these questions and answers there comes forth a new and attractive Mussolini. "For my part, at any rate, I have never had any inclination to fancy myself a god, but have always been keenly aware that I am a mortal man, with all the weaknesses and passions proper to mortality." These were almost his parting words to his interviewer. This is an absorbing book, and two remarkable men discuss their ideas of government and life with the utmost frankness.

Wandering the other day into Bumpus's in Oxford Street a children's show caused me to reflect how fortunate the young generation is to-day. Messrs. Bumpus have opened an exhibition of children's books through three centuries, and there are some most delightful exhibits of bygone fashions in juvenile literature. I suppose the Victorian children experienced as much happiness as the Georgian, but the hand of the governess and the shadow of moral precepts were over all. Some of the toys of the period are fascinating still, such as the "Protean Figure," the puppet shows, and the toy theatres—"penny plain and twopence coloured." Have the pleasures of cardboard, scissors, and gum passed out of the ken of present childhood? It seems a great pity. This is a most delightful exhibition which will delight parents as much as children.

PALAZZO DI VENEZIA—the present headquarters of Mussolini—one of the Henry Rushbury illustrations to Sir Rennell Rodd's *Rome, of the Renaissance and To-day* (Macmillan)

THE COLOSSEUM—another of the delicate Rushbury illustrations to Sir Rennell Rodd's delightful book on Rome, where he represented us for many years. The book was reviewed recently in "The Sphere"

Of late we have had several books on the English by foreigners. The author of *England, This Way* (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) has exceptional qualifications for writing about us as we are. The name Felix de Grand 'Combe is a pseudonym to hide a French professor in one of our universities who is so closely identified with our life that he is actually a vice-president of the British Légion! He wrote this book as a guide for the Frenchman visiting England. It is so witty, discerning, and shrewdly critical that it reveals England even to the Englishman. He loves poking fun at us, although he loves us. He is frankly puzzled by the Englishman's contempt of false cuffs and his approval of a separate collar. Life in this island seems to bristle with taboos. It must be a frightening adventure for a foreigner. Even that word holds contempt in it. Yet at the end of this enchanting book, very ably translated by Miss Beatrice de Holthoir, the impression persists that we are a friendly people.

Messrs. Peter Davies have added to their excellent 5s. biographies, as bright in their jackets as in their contents, two studies, one *Wesley*, by James Laver, and one *Gibbon*, by G. M. Young.

Mr. Laver has the more difficult task. Wesley's love affairs are still a puzzle to us. He was a saint and an impossible person. It is to his credit that he revived spiritual life, to his discredit that he covered this land with hideous buildings. Mr. Young's *Gibbon* is a clever piece of portraiture. It would have been interesting to hear Wesley on Gibbon and vice versa. Mr. Young, while admiring, is critical. "There was unquestionably a false streak in his literary character, which crops out whenever women or religion are the theme." He lived in elegance and died in comfort, and succeeded in living three separate lives—as a soldier, an exquisite, and a scholar.

DUNLOP
GREETINGS

DEWAR'S – the best Christmas Box of all!

"It has just arrived — the DEWAR'S!"

CHILDREN of TO-DAY

A Fascinating London Exhibition

Above
ALFONSO AND SONITA, the children of the Marquesa de Portago of Biarritz, a cousin of Don Alfonso

DENISE MARGARET, the attractive little daughter of Mrs. D. M. P. Whitcombe, of Queen's Gate

CORNELIA ELIZABETH, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wight, of Stanhope Street

PAULEEN LETITIA AND DAVID EDWARD WYNDHAM, the children of the Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant. Mr. Tennant is a nephew of Lady Oxford and Asquith

ROBIN EWART, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone, of Lower Sloane Street

RICHARD AND BRYAN, the children of Mr. and Mrs. James Harris, of Bryanston Court

PAULEEN, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tooth, of Gloucester Square

The pictures reproduced on this page have been selected from an unusual collection of attractive child photographs now on exhibition at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street. They are the work of Mr. Charles Law, whose forte is the obtaining of remarkably faithful results under natural conditions. The enterprise of the distinguished firm is a matter for congratulation in thus sponsoring an exhibition which will inevitably appeal to the lover of child photography. All the pictures were taken during the past Summer season

PLAYERS OF THE SAME RÔLE: Miss Gloria Swanson *(right)* calls on Miss Peggy Wood in her dressing-room at the Duke of York's. Miss Swanson is creating on the screen the part of the *diva* in *To-night or Never*, played by Miss Wood on the boards, a short-lived run

PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDI

The Ballet that Saves in "A Kiss in Spring": Miss Heather Thatcher, Actress: Edna Best and Herbert Marshall Succeed in a New Vehicle

When Sir Oswald Stoll, bland, spectacled, and Pickwickian, stood on the stage of the Alhambra to speechify at the close of the first performance of *A Kiss in Spring*, I thought of Sam Weller and that unfortunate episode at Ipswich. "You raither want somebody to look arter you, sir," said Sam to his master, "ven your judgment goes out a-wisitin'."

In all the assistants and A.D.C.s at the Alhambra there does not seem to be a Sam. If there is, he was, in his own words, "dumb as a drum with an 'ole in it." But the cold composure of Sir Oswald as he stood there saying nice things about one of the most tedious attempts at an entertainment it has ever been my misfortune to endure was among the few praiseworthy things in an evening in which praise can have little place. Sir Oswald's countenance was like the water in Mr. Pickwick's bedroom, "a mask o' hice."

Another thing for which I willingly ladle out congratulations is the ingenuity with which authors, librettists, and so forth have mingled the atmosphere and, at some points, even the plots of *La Bohème* and *Trilby*, and have made the result unutterably dull. That in itself is a great feat.

For aught I care, librettists of musical comedies may buzz, bee-like, over all the operas and romances in the world. But they must bring back some honey. In this case it is not enough to make an echo of the big *aria* from Act II of Puccini's masterpiece, a sort of theme-song, and to leave it at that, though that tune is honeyed in its sweetness.

For obvious reasons I need not recount the plot of *A Kiss in Spring*. We were shown young Bohemians in plenty of the Paris of 1830 (*circa*)—a lively lot, very clean, and dressed in nice bright colours.

Now once upon a time a man lay dying on a bitter winter's evening. It was in the olden days and the mutes already stood before the front door, for there was no hope. The snow fell and the mutes shivered. So one of them rang the door-bell and said to the servant, "Go, tell your master of our suffering."

And the servant went to his master and said, "Sir, the mutes complain of the freezing cold. What shall I tell them to do?"

"Tell them," said the dying man, "to jump about a bit!"

That is the picture of which I was reminded at the Alhambra. Whenever the atmosphere tended to grow chilly, or the play to halt altogether, it seemed that the producer sent for his chorus of Bohemians with instructions to "jump about a bit."

They obeyed loyally. If the stage was not occupied by Mr. Eric Bertner, a Danish Bohemian (or a Bohemian Dane) making up his mind whether he was in love with Musetta or Trilby, they trooped across it, according to plan, singing about how they intended to "dance and sing the whole night through in merry carnival." Or words to that effect.

Now gaiety in a play must be intrinsic. External semblances of it in the form of whooping in fancy-dress, paper streamers and bladder-banging are not a bit of good. Indeed, more often than not such ebullitions actually do harm, for they tend to irritate and then to depress. Of true fun in *A Kiss in Spring*, of wit, or of anything to enliven the spirits of even the most easily amused I could not trace an iota.

I remember Mr. Kenneth Kove, famous for studies of inanity in Aldwych farces, pretending to get his hand fixed under his armpit; this had nothing to do with the plot, so it must have been a humorous effort.

I remember Mr. Alfred Wellesley as a comic bailiff—without any comic material whatever, poor soul—being deprived of his trousers and entering as the Sultan of Turkey. I remember the call-boy in the last act, which concerns a play within a play, getting a laugh or two.

In that act the revolving stage caused some titters by refusing to make up its mind in which direction to revolve. So intensely do I loathe that imbecile and beastly device that I cannot even muster up an ill-natured grin when it goes wrong.

We had long and wordy scenes to occupy that admirable actor, Mr. Eric Stanley. That his job was to impersonate a Jewish philanthropist financier (a R-th----ld of the period), and that he looked and talked like a retired colonel who had come to London for a fancy-dress ball after a rattling good day with the Quorn, was not his fault. It was a sad piece of mis-casting.

Miss Eileen Moody has a nice voice and a pleasant personality; all she needs is the self-assertion which will come with experience.

MISS WENDY BARRY, who plays a leading part in the new Franz Lehar film at the Hippodrome

THE PERIOD OF TRILBY is exploited in *A Kiss in Spring*, at the Alhambra. Mr. Eric Bertner and Miss Sylvia Welling are seen *on right*

DIES, AND FILMS

By PHILIP PAGE

Miss Sylvia Welling is also a good singer, but has, if anything, too much self-assertion. Possibly experience will wear this down and also teach her the art of "timing" dialogue as well as the intonation that befits it.

For one episode there can be nothing but commendation—the ballet. The dancing of Miss Alice Markova, Mr. Harold Turner, and their attendant *houris* was such an exquisite delight that, although it did not occur until nearly 11 p.m., it saved utter disaster.

A Kiss in Spring would be more than pleasant if, gifted with miraculous staying powers, that ballet would be requested to dance unceasingly all through Act I, all through Act II, and all through Act III.

The trivial, but not unworthy, comedy with which the long-closed Court Theatre has reopened, pulls its weight if only from the fact that it shows Miss Heather Thatcher to be an actress, and an extremely accomplished one too.

Miss Thatcher I had hitherto associated mainly if not solely with personal beauty, a monocle, and certain consciously grotesque performances in musical comedy at the Winter Garden a few years ago. These I regretted partly because I dislike to see a pretty woman making a guy of herself when there are so many plain ones about to carry on that job without an effort.

A further reason was that Miss Thatcher did not happen to make me laugh, any more than any woman can make me laugh with low comedy, with the possible exception of Miss Nellie Wallace.

But the Miss Thatcher of Mr. Frederick Jackson's *The School for Husbands* is quite a different proposition. She has shed her monocle and appears as a comedienne who is *svelte*, *soignée*, and lots of other complimentary French words beginning with an "s." She showed that she can handle a subtle situation with brains and can use an effective voice in the right way. In short, Miss Thatcher can act.

The acting is of greater account than the play, which I would describe as near-Lonsdale, which is a very good thing to be near.

Miss Gillian Lind plays the other wife—for two wives and two husbands are concerned—with a sense of character and any amount of charm. She is intended to be a fluffy little baggage, with more animal than intelligence about her, and ready, in this game of animal grab, to grab someone other than her husband. The manner in which she opened a bag to display a set of underwear which was to play a prominent part in the elopement was a brilliant touch.

Mr. Cyril Raymond, the conceited husband, did very well, and Mr. Frank Cellier, the dull husband, was faithfully and conscientiously dull.

Mr. Harold Huth was the professional wrecker of homes who set the two married couples a-thinking, and who brought the play to its virtuous end. For he was resisted all along the line. The type is a familiar stage one.

I have always found it remarkable that when this type appears on the other side of the footlights we tolerate it and are even diverted by it. But if it started its tricks in the most broad-minded and least primitive of domestic circles it would be kicked downstairs.

Mr. Huth can wear the label of the suave philanderer as easily as the rather too immaculate clothes necessary to the part. As an epigrammatic and terribly fascinating novelist I had to take him largely "as read"; since at important moments he became so confidential that the epigrams were lost and, so far as I was concerned, he might have been whispering the Telephone Directory to Miss Thatcher. I admit that this may have been because my stall was acoustically unfortunate.

Mr. Jackson has a pretty wit at times and his little play is taken at the right pace and forms an agreeable entertainment. But it really is a little play.

It was a bold move to take Edna Best and Herbert Marshall away from the billing and cooing business and to put them, or to let them put themselves, on rather a different tack.

AFTER THE BALL: Mr. George Curzon and Miss Esther Ralston in a scene from this picture produced at the New Gallery on the last Sunday of last month

THE HEROINE IN *THE RETURN OF RAFFLES*: Miss Camilla Horn in the new British Film shown at the Regal

RAFFLES: Mr. George Barraud in the title rôle of the W. & F. presentation produced by Mansfield Markham. It was first seen at the Regal gala performance

True, in *Another Language*, which is likely to fill the refurbished Lyric Theatre for a long time to come, they are husband and wife, and in love with each other, too. But the husband is much more in love than the wife is, and until the last ten minutes of the last act is not at all a lovable person.

Another Language comes from America, but has been translated as well as transported. The spirit of it (I never saw the original) has become curiously English. Every member of a longish list of characters is a Philistine, with two exceptions, and Philistinism is a peculiarly English trait. I had imagined that in no American family, living in a tolerable state of comfort and able to afford a gramophone, could the spirit of moral and intellectual uplift be so wholly lacking as it was in the family of Hallams.

The Hallams were not only without any appreciation of art, music, or literature, but smugly superior to what they considered mental aberrations, and reprehensible ones at that. They gathered, grown-up sons, daughters-in-law, and a grandson, for awful Sunday evening parties in the house of old Mr. and Mrs. Hallam. Mr. Hallam was an amiable nonentity, played by that pristine chameleon of an actor, Mr. Marcus Barron, and Mrs. Hallam was a bitter-sweet old cat, whom Miss Mary Jerrold brought to life with uncanny fidelity.

The rest of the gang talk scandal, eat pickled onions, play cards, drink bottled beer, and attempt the sort of humour which depends on toys that make unexpected noises.

This home circle is a hell to the sensitive, of whom there are two — Stella, the prettiest daughter-in-law, and Peter, the grandson. Both love art and promptly come near to loving each other.

With the Tables of Kindred Affinity in the Book of Common Prayer running vaguely in my head and making me wonder whether or no there is an inhibition to the effect that "a man may not marry his aunt," I realized that we should soon be out of the Young Woodley business.

There was no gainsaying the fact that the youthful and extremely pretty Miss Edna Best was playing an aunt. But Mr. Gilbert Miller would never have contemplated a production in which in addition to this there would be no reconciliation with Mr. Marshall.

The double drawback would have killed an even better play than *Another Language*.

Victor Hallam (Mr. Marshall) was a cut above his brothers, but he was full of the family complex. When his wife obviously couldn't stick her "in-laws" at any price and sympathized with the love-lorn grandson, he sided with them instead of with her.

I do not think that the discovery that the boy adored his lovely young aunt and stayed in the flat alone with her until 3 a.m. would have turned Victor, who was rather unpleasant, into an angelic sort of person—forgiving and understanding. Far more consistent would it have been had the situation made him nastier and more Hallamish than ever, with a hiding for the nephew and a spanking (or a divorce) for Stella. But for reasons I have indicated a happy ending was inevitable.

Miss Best and Mr. Marshall were at the top of their form, and the rest of the family cleverly resisted the temptation to caricature.

A PAGE of MECHANICS

Peculiar Aqueducts in Canton Wallis and Other Matters

THE INTERNATIONAL TABULATOR whereby mental alertness, general intelligence, qualifications for vocational pursuits are mechanically determined on a questionnaire. This fantastic device—the Hollerith Tabulator—has been developed by Mr. Richard Warren, of Columbia University

THE JULIANA BREAKWATERS now under construction at Born in connection with the Twente-Rijn Canal in South Holland. A steam pile-driver is seen ramming down *béton* (reinforced concrete) blocks. A recent strike has been expeditiously settled

NO MAN'S LAND AT OXFORD: Magdalen's sports ground has recently recalled Flander's fields, for a new type of machine has driven a 12-ft. trench across it to extend the sewers of the City

BRIDGING A GAP, this aqueduct in Canton Wallis runs along the side of a precipice

The central part of Canton Wallis is the most rainless and driest district of Switzerland. The rain-clouds discharge their water principally on to the Alpine ridges which surround the Canton, so that the valleys and their slopes run short. Hence, crops and pasturage would wither and perish in summer if they were not supplied with water by artificial means. This task is particularly difficult, because there are very few natural springs, so that most of the water must be caught very far up in the mountains and conveyed to the valleys in long aqueducts.

These systems of aqueducts are works of art of their kind; they have not merely cost enormous sums, but have been constructed under circumstances of great danger. So long as an aqueduct runs through level and cultivated districts its route does not present any particular trouble; but if steep mountain sides, gorges, or boulder declivities have to be negotiated, the difficulties accumulate. For it is impossible to construct the aqueducts along the easiest and safest footpaths, and in any case the work can be carried out only by men who are entirely unsubject to giddiness.

The aqueducts are suspended from the mountain walls by means of iron rods, and this work has only too frequently been the cause of men being hurled to their death. Probably the number of such accidents on the aqueducts in Wallis is not far short of the number of deaths suffered by mountaineers.

The distribution of the water is precisely planned out and is undertaken by an overseer—the bailiff or "reeve." At the points where the water arrives at the valley slopes from the mountains, this official distributes it for a certain period of time to each adjacent land-owner in turn, by closing the sluices of the main aqueduct.

Owing to the importance of this artificial irrigation—and hundreds of villages in Wallis could not exist without it—the utmost consideration is attached to the maintenance of the aqueducts. Most of the main aqueducts are provided with small water-wheels actuating a hammer which, at regular intervals, strikes against a reverberating object so that the sound is carried afar. If the sound is not heard, it is clear that the water is no longer driving the wheel and that the aqueduct is out of order. As soon as this is realized by the villagers a party sets out, whose duty it is to discover the damage and to repair it.

These people do not hesitate, even at night or in stormy weather. The difficulties of their task may be imagined from the fact that the courses of the aqueducts generally run many miles, emanating from the smallest side-valleys—sometimes even from the immediate neighbourhood of glaciers. The principal causes of damage are fallen rocks, avalanches, and storms which occur in the Alps chiefly in the spring.

SUSPENDED BY IRON RODS to the side of a precipice, this aqueduct runs through Canton Wallis

IF AMERICA GOES WET the great distilleries of Europe are ready to cope with the demand. The four pictures on this page show scenes in London where 40,000 cases (480,000 bottles) are ready for shipment and are being bottled at the rate of 2,000 bottles a day. The whisky is electrically pumped from a 500-gallon trough to the automatic bottling machines

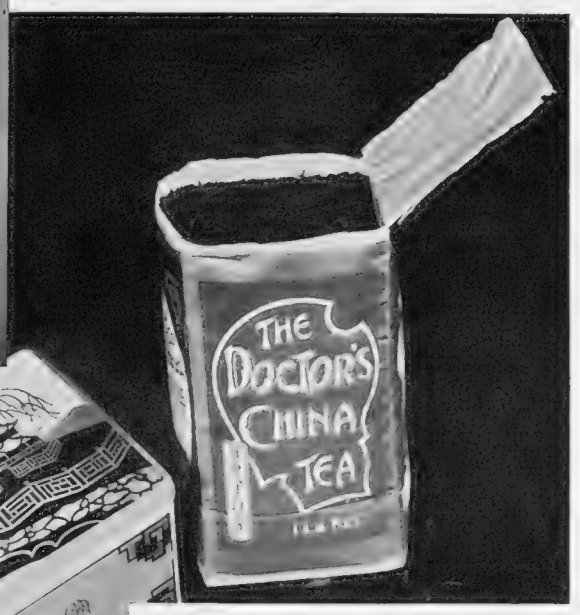
180 DOZEN BOTTLES AN HOUR are filled by the automatic device seen above. Although the U.S.A. can produce beer rapidly, spirits must perforce be imported owing to the length of time taken by maturing

THE SIGHT BOX, by means of which every bottle of whisky is determined to be clear of all foreign matter. Powerful lights enable defects to be recognized at a glance

THE LABELS are affixed to the whisky bottles by machinery so soon as they have passed the searching test of the "sight box." France has announced that she has 600,000,000 bottles of wine ready for export and Germany is speeding up her production of lager against the "wet" if not rainy day

we suggest some christmas gifts

from Mappin and Webb an exquisite toilet set in silver and blue enamel comprising dainty brushes, glass powder bowls, bath-salt jars, and scent bottles. "Doctor's China Tea," free from excess tannin, will charm the most jaded palate and is an ideal Christmas present. Unique gifts from the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Co., Ltd., 6, Old Bond Street, are the "Adam and Eve" by Hans Hansen, the pewter candlestick designed by Just Andersen, and the heavy optic Swedish glass vase

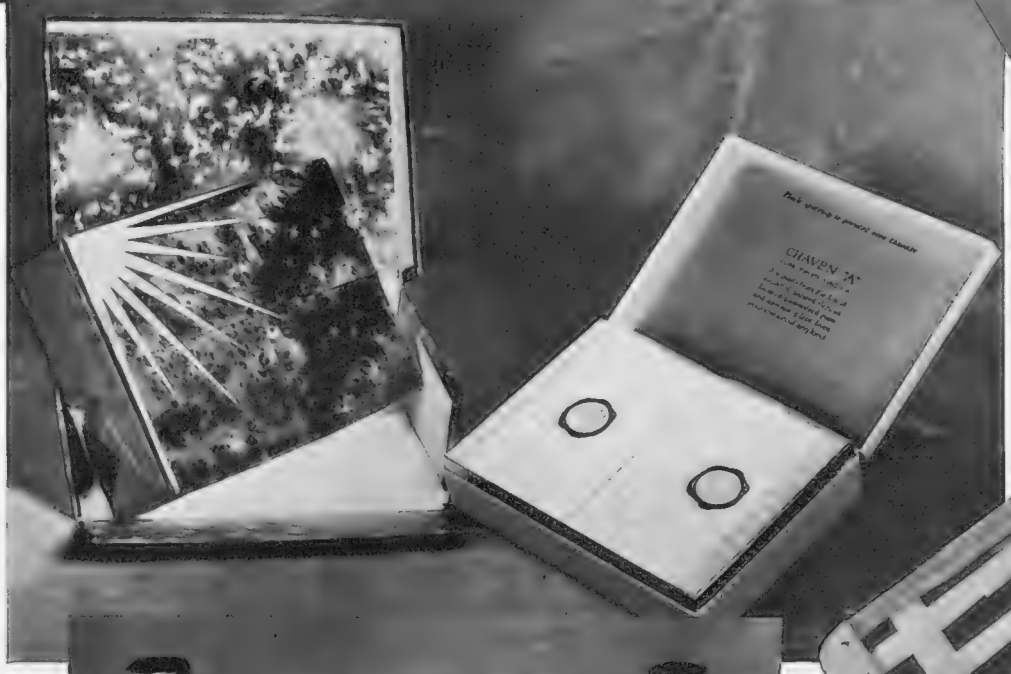


Liberty's exclusive leather goods, designed and made in their own studios, include a hand-coloured morocco pochette, photograph album and visitor's album. A hamper of Holloway's Gin and Johnny Wright's Special Liqueur Scotch Whisky needs no endorsement. John Mackintosh and Sons, Ltd., offer an exceptional assortment of chocolates for the Christmas season in charming boxes of original design (photographs, Maurice Beck)

add to the xmas list:

luxurious Floris beauty aids, fragrant "Mazawattee" in canisters of Oriental and floral designs, "De Reszke" in Christmas cartonette; for the younger set, a Novlart stencilling outfit, or designer box of Harbutt's plasticine; from Woolland Bros., a model of a contemporary air-liner with revolving propellers and burring engine, or baker's van and ensemble. A safe choice is King George IV whisky of subtle blend and world-wide popularity

Maurice Beck



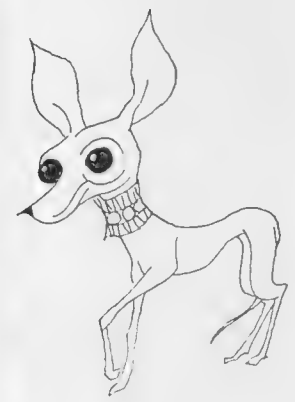
Maurice Beck

with the season's greetings

Appreciation will be insured by a gift of "Luvisca" shirts or pyjamas in unobtrusive plain shades or interesting stripes. Otard Dupuy and Co.'s Cognac is always a welcome gift for either sex. Carreras' Craven "A" in Thuja cabinet, or elegant Parisian velour box, combine the decorative with the useful. Thos. Grant of Maidstone offer a British Cherry Brandy, and Crème de Menthe of universal appeal. Added to the list of good drinks, Fontorice Vermouth will be a great success. For distinctive gifts, Marshall and Snelgrove suggest a silk rayon work bag, bridge sets, hand-embroidered night-dress sachets, and hand-painted metal waste-paper tub.

perennially acceptable gifts

What more seasonable gift could be chosen than Crawford's "Three Star Special Reserve Whisky," or their "Five Star Old Liqueur"? For the pipe-smoker give Classic curly cut tobacco, its glory enhanced by the handsome air-tight, bakelite jar presented free with every 1 lb. of tobacco by Messrs. Cohen Weenen and Co. Ltd. A bottle of "Drambuie," all British liqueur, must find a place on every Christmas shopping list. Accessories are always wisely chosen at Austin Reed's. Among the winners are a golf-jacket, a pull-over, and for the motorist a pair of gauntlet gloves with reflector back. Braces and suspenders also run, as do handkerchiefs and mufflers in white silk with smart initials in black. The silver cigarette box, silver cocktail shaker, electric cigar or cigarette lighter for the speed-boat enthusiast, and chromium clock are gifts to choose from The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company Ltd.



Maurice Beck

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AN HAWAIIAN NOTABLE

Winter Sunshine

Just now the sun is shining gloriously in Italy and the air is sweet with the scent of flowers. Delightful resorts offer many attractions to visitors in search of a happy, healthy holiday. The scenery is most fascinating and varied. In winter Italy has more spas with a warm climate than any other European country and particularly efficacious are the cures for rheumatism and throat troubles. Hotels are inexpensive. Spend a happy and healthy winter holiday in the sunshine—in

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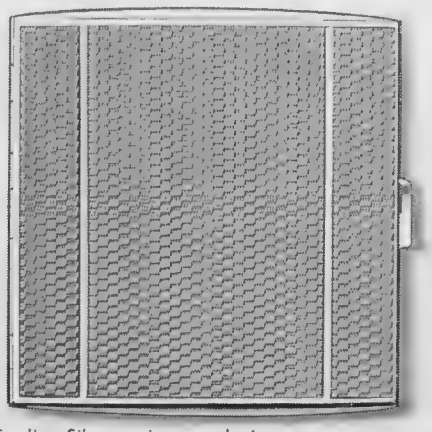
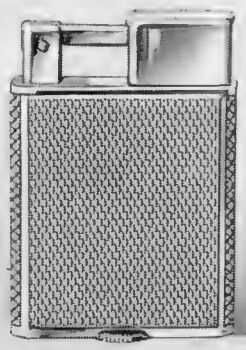
By Appointment to H.M. The King

Shagreen cigarette box with ivory angles on lid.
Size 6×4 ins. £1.15.0 Size 4⅝×4⅛ ins. £1.7.6
„ 7½×4 ins. £3.0.0

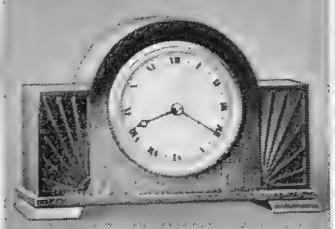


Sterling Silver engine-turned cigarette case, new, smart and practical shape
Size 3⅜×2¼ ins. 18.6 Size 3⅜×3⅛ ins. £1.8.6
„ 3⅝×2⅝ ins. £1.2.6 „ 3⅝×3⅜ ins. £1.13.6

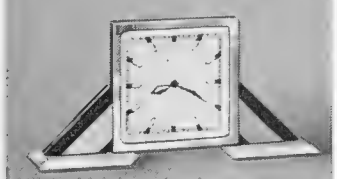
Engine-turned sterling silver 'tear-off' match case 15.0
In 9-carat gold £5.15.0



Sterling silver engine-turned pocket lighter £1.2.6
In 9-carat gold £7.10.0

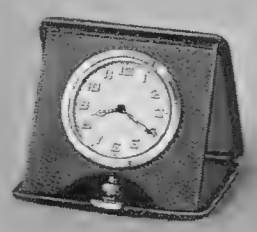


Electric clock in oak. Height 5½ inches £2.17.6

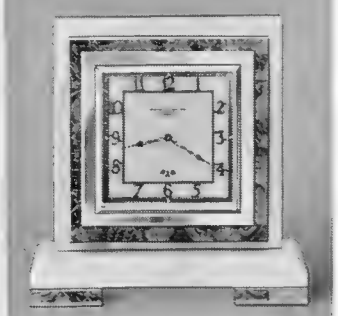


8-day clock in chromium plate and coloured crystal, luminous dial
Height 3 inches ... £3.10.0
Height 4 inches ... £4.10.0
In blue, green or black

8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours £4.5.0
With alarm £5.12.6



8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours. Very flat £3.10.0



Electric clock in white onyx and malachite, chromium plated surround to dial. Height 7⅝ inches £15.0.0

There is always at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company something a little more attractive in style and a little more exquisite in quality—at a surprisingly moderate price. An Illustrated Brochure of Gift Suggestions gladly sent on request.

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At the Corner of Glasshouse Street—No other Address

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Racecourse; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

ISLES OF DANGER.—I think everybody is agreed that the erection of an "island" at the intersection of cross-roads tends to reduce accidents. Certainly the authorities throughout the country are of this opinion, and few of us motorists object to reducing our speed to negotiate such obstacles. Of late, however, I have noticed that our road-makers have developed an "island" complex and appear to be spending hundreds of thousands of pounds in their erection up and down the country. The tendency now is to overdo this safety measure and not only to place the "islands" sometimes in places where they are not required, but also to plan them so that the drivers negotiating them have to go a long way out of their way and turn round what amounts to hairpin bends. I speak with knowledge of one which has recently been laid down near the Leatherhead Gas Works. This island is really grotesque, and if the authorities produce many more like it they will be the cause of steering-gears being overworked and perhaps accidents will result. There are two on the Kingston by-pass which should serve as models for others. They do their job and do not irritate the unfortunate motorists unnecessarily.

CUSHION PUNCTURES.—Now that pneumatic upholstery is increasing its popularity every day it is time that the manufacturers of the air cushions, etc., and the coachbuilders who use them put their heads together with the object of minimising the risk of puncture which seems very prevalent at the moment. So far as my experience goes I have had far more punctures in the upholstery of my last three cars than I have had in the road tyres. This is surely an absurd position, and one which those interested should improve without any further delay. If the coachbuilders must have tin-tacks situated near the blown-up tube of the cushion or back of a seat, then the manufacturers of the upholstery must provide some protection for the vulnerable tube. If there are not tin-tacks in close proximity I find that there are sharp edges to wooden frames, and on more than one occasion a puncture has resulted from a splinter. Pneumatic upholstery has come to stay, but if something is not done to overcome the unnecessary troubles to which I have referred it will receive a set-back which may prejudice its future.

FREEZING RADIATORS.—Although I have had a communication from the Automobile Association regarding the damage to motor cars which may result from frost, it is a matter which was obviously in the minds of most motorists, as there are few parts of the country that have not had frost during the month of November. For all practical purposes the only serious and immediate damage which frost can effect where a car is concerned is that resulting from the freezing of the water in the circulation system. How to prevent this damage is a matter to be decided upon by every motorist, taking into consideration his own particular circumstances. In my own case, I do not leave my car standing in an exposed position for any length of time, and so I am concerned almost entirely in preventing the water freezing during the night when the car is in the garage. The latter has no central heating, and so I drain out the water every night that appears to me may be frosty. Naturally care is taken to see that all the water is drained off, particularly from the pump. When that is done I can sleep in peace, which I never can do if I introduce one or other of the various compounds into the water-circulating system which it is claimed will prevent freezing. It may be a bit more trouble to let out the water as I do, but once it is done there is no further anxiety.

Of course, if my use of the car compelled me to leave it lying about in the open during a keen frost I might be persuaded to add glycerine or some other ingredient to the water. I find, so far as my own garage is concerned, it is fairly airtight, and when the car is placed in it at night time the heat in the circulating system and other parts of the car is dissipated into the atmosphere and is sufficient to keep the interior above freezing point during any ordinary frost until morning.

However, one cannot be too careful as a cracked cylinder jacket is not only annoying but, comparatively speaking, expensive to repair. The Automobile Association have carried out very extensive experiments with anti-freezing mixtures, and members of the Association can obtain further advice on this subject from Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

"TIP OVER!" One of the amusing sketches by Peter Arno now on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Arno probes every form of life, the motoring world not escaping

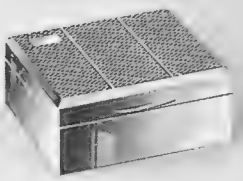
TAKING DELIVERY: Miss Paddy Naismith, the well-known motorist, signs the despatch book for her new Standard "Little 12" Saloon at the Standard Works, Coventry

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

A CATALOGUE OF GIFTS WILL BE GLADLY SENT UPON REQUEST

B 5062: Engine-turned Sterling Silver Flat Concave Spirit Flask, Bayonet Cap.
2½ ozs. .. £2. 5. 0
3½ ozs. ... 2. 15. 0
4½ ozs. ... 3. 10. 0
6½ ozs. ... 3. 15. 0
8 ozs. ... 6. 0. 0

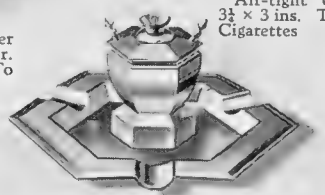
B 4633: English Cut Glass Spirit Decanter with Sterling Silver Mount ... £2. 2. 0



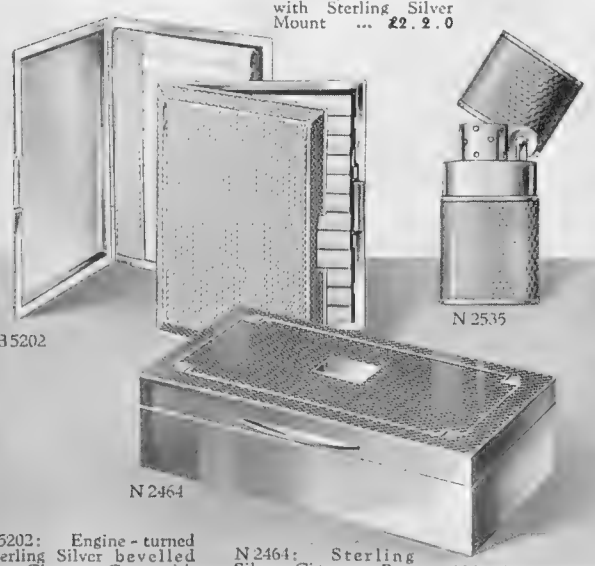
N 2525: Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Engine-turned Lid. To hold 25 Cigarettes £1. 7. 6

22370: Sterling Silver Air-tight Canister. 3½ × 3 ins. To hold 50 Cigarettes £1. 1. 0

G 2246: Oak Tantalus Frame, with three fine English Cut Glass Bottles. Quart size £6. 10. 0



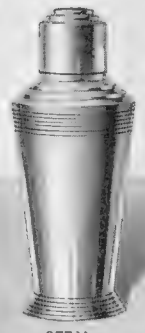
B 5065: Engine-turned Sterling Silver Combined Cigar Lamp and Ash Tray. 5¾ ins. diam. £5. 0. 0



B 5202

N 2464

N 2535



27731

26685

B 5202: Engine-turned Sterling Silver bevelled edge Cigarette Case, with Spring Clip in place of elastic.
3½ ins. long. ... £2. 15. 0
4 ins. ,, ... 3. 10. 0
5 ins. ,, ... 4. 5. 0

N 2464: Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Engine-turned lid.
3¾ ins. long £2. 17. 6
5½ ins. ,, 3. 15. 0
6¾ ins. ,, 4. 15. 0

N 2535: Sterling Silver Windproof Pipe or Cigarette Lighter, fitted with perfectly efficient Screen. Specially suitable for outdoor use. Plain £1. 12. 6
Engine-turned £1. 18. 6

27731: Cocktail Shaker.
Prince's Plate.
1 pint. 1½ pints.
£1. 12. 6 £2. 2. 0
Sterling Silver.
1 pint. 1½ pints.
£4. 15. 0 £6. 15. 0

26685: Prince's Plate Cocktail Set, with English Cut Glasses £5. 15. 0
Tray can be used separately.

G 2251: Fine Mahogany Automatic Opening Cabinet for Whisky and Soda, fitted with six Cut Glass Tumblers £10. 10. 0
Other Models up to £30. 0. 0

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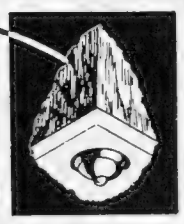
Fresh CRAVEN "A"

Sending good Cigarettes as XMAS GIFTS is safe, sensible and inexpensive. Nearly everybody smokes Cigarettes. Send CRAVEN "A"; there are convenient sizes from 50 (2/6) to 150 (7/6).
You can be sure your Gifts of CRAVEN "A" will give *real* pleasure, for every Tin or Box opens-up in FACTORY-FRESH condition. Alone amongst Cigarettes, Craven "A" are protected by *moisture-proof* "CELLOPHANE", the patented exclusive wrapping which *seals-in* FRESHNESS, FLAVOUR, SMOOTHNESS and COOLNESS. *There's a World of difference between a FRESH Craven "A" and any Cigarette which has gone SHOPSTALE.*

THUJA DESIGN CASKET

—giving joy and usefulness *long after* the Cigarettes are smoked. Fitted with ball-bearing Castors which can't mark polished tables; containing 100 FRESH CRAVEN "A." *Complete in decorative cardboard 'outer'* **7/6**



PRESENTATION CABINET 150 7/6

IN HANDSOME RED METAL BOXES
FLAT-FIFTY..2/6
DESK 100..5/-

The "TRU-VAC" Tin is the perfect packing for Overseas Despatch

No other method of packing good Cigarettes can maintain such perfection of smoking condition: no Cigarette but CRAVEN "A" has this patented protection.

In every Climate, the genius of the "TRU-VAC" Tin maintains FRESHNESS and fine FACTORY-CONDITION *indefinitely* as no earlier form of packing can: TO OPEN: pull the rubber tab... this releases the vacuum seal and allows the lid to be lifted. Until Air is admitted (by pulling the rubber tab) every harmful influence of Climate, Time and Transport is kept at a safe distance *outside the Tin.*

PARISIAN VELOUR BOXES
FOR THE LADIES
50 *for* 2/6 100 *for* 5/-

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Made specially to prevent sore throats

Tea-time VARIETY

Tea—the succinct expression of so much fragrance, refreshment, and conviviality! When it is the United Kingdom Tea Company's perfect Christmas blend, packed in one of their wholly delightful gift canisters, specially designed by artists, it is difficult to think of any present that would be more acceptable or more indisputable evidence of the donor's desire to give pleasure. These decorative canisters are lasting possessions, for they can always be replenished with the fragrant Oriental leaf which, once a costly luxury, has become an Occidental necessity, a feature of English home life and a concomitant of the best party spirit

The one-syllable word "tea" has come to connote not merely the refreshing beverage brewed from the fragrant Oriental leaf; tea is a social event—a focal point in home life throughout the Empire. "Le Five o'clock" has even become an excuse for post-meridional conviviality on the Continent, but the true genius of the tea-table seems to belong peculiarly to the Anglo-Saxon races.

The very mention of tea-time conjures up a picture of a cosy, fire-lit room, a table bright with silver, china, and good things to eat, the rallying point after the day's scattered activities, a surcease from toil, and the promotion of "healthful ease in *every* member, to misquote Tom Hood. The modern prodigal would be more likely to be lured from the husks or chipped potatoes of the cocktail bar by a promise of hot, buttered scones, home-made cakes, and "a nice cup of 'ot tea" than by a dish of veal, no matter how temptingly prepared!

The ritual of tea-taking and making varies geographically. In Scotland tea is, in sooth, a sit-down meal, eaten round the big table in the dining-room, which is loaded with a variety of scones, "cookies," bannocks, shortbread, home-made jams and jellies. And in the North, tea is brewed carefully and drunk hot and strong with fresh cream skimmed, not mechanically separated, from the milk. The Midlands are the home of the meat tea of which pies and pasties, brawns and hams are concomitants.

The tendency of the more sophisticated, metropolitan tea-table to-day is to give prominence to savoury as well as sweet sandwiches and delicacies more provocative than satisfying. Some of the Canadian recipes add piquancy and novelty to this form of entertaining in which there is a notable revival. For instance, delicious sandwiches may be made with a mixture of cream cheese and chopped watercress spread on thinly cut and lightly buttered brown bread, or another appetizing cheese sandwich consists of a very thin slice of Cheddar or Cheshire, with or without mustard, laid between thin white bread and butter, then toasted on both sides on a hot grill. Roquefort cream with butter and salt and made more piquant with a dash of Worcester sauce or paprika is a good filling for rounds of not too fresh white bread.

Hot scones or rolls, split and served immediately that ice-cold caviar has been spread upon them, are delicious, and anchovy toast is always popular with the male members of a tea party. The anchovy paste should be spread on very hot buttered toast. Another appetizing tea-time savoury can be made by mixing minced ham with chopped sweet pickles, moistened with salad-dressing, and spread on white bread.

Among the most attractive and least banal sweet sandwiches are those made with finely-chopped walnuts and demerara sugar.

Such recipes add a touch of the unexpected to the institution of afternoon tea and give the hostess an enviable reputation for originality.

HEY PRESTO! CREAM!

Modern scientific magic conjures pure rich cream from this apparently simple little device called a "Pentecreme." The home-made cream, entirely innocent of chemicals, contains all the nourishment and flavour of fine dairy cream, keeps fresh longer, and costs one-fifth the price. Half a pint of fresh milk and half a pound of fresh butter warmed in a saucepan until the butter melts, cooled, poured into the "Pentecreme," then pumped out, will instantly produce about a pint of pure rich cream

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To the Connoisseur, the secret of the fascinating difference between an ordinary Cocktail and perfection is

FONTORICE
FRENCH VERMOUTH

Obtainable at the leading Wine Merchants and Stores. Shipping Agents—
Cock, Russell & Co.,
20, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

SUFFERING and want are widespread; empty purses, empty larders and cold grates are rife in the slums.

Especially at Christmastide does the burden lie heavy . . . for this year there will be thousands without a Christmas-day dinner.

That the yoke of the needy soul may be lightened . . . that want and hardship may be alleviated is the supplication and endeavour of the Salvationist.

Will you please help

THE
SALVATION ARMY

to help others this Christmas?

10/- will provide a Christmas parcel for a family. Any gift will be gratefully acknowledged by General E. J. HIGGINS, 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

THE SUNDAY CINEMA

(*Continued from p.* 419)

was consulting the voting register; and women—some of them quite young women—were pouring in all the time to ask if they could vote against the Sunday Cinemas. Many of them were grievously disappointed when they found that although they were Parliamentary voters they were not entitled to cast their vote on this domestic matter which was so bound up with their lives and their homes.

So far the cinema trade has been struck almost completely dumb by the ferocity of the Lord's Day Observance attack. It is a trenchant, telling, and ruthless attack.

It has been met by an extraordinary reply from Mr. Sam Harris in his organ, *The Cinema*. Speaking of the churches he writes in the "dashy" style he affects in his editorial comment: "Will they link up with us in friendly co-operation, or continue to lose their rapidly-weakening grip on the people?"

As it is unlikely they will co-operate, he threatens them in this wise:

"If priests and parsons continue to fight—

"Truth after truth—fact after fact—a few of which have been set out in letters written to the Croydon newspapers—

"—will gradually be blazoned to the world—

"Causing the millions of common sense people—who seldom delve into the clergy's purposely unintelligible, incomprehensible, dark and mystic problems—

"Gradually to make more and more inquiries about—

"The obscurities and perplexities of—

"The business—of Churches and—their staffs!

"Shall we of the cinema industry produce some pictures containing historical facts about the Church and its directorate and—

"About how they became possessed of their enormous wealth and great landed estates?

"Shall we produce—these pictures of—the truth?

"If the Church authorities—ask for them long enough—

"*They will get them!*"

The country awaits a definite and official statement from the responsible cinema world, but in the meantime this effusion seems the *tu quoque* to the slogans:

"God and the Ten Commandments, and all they stand for."

"We never give in and we never give out."

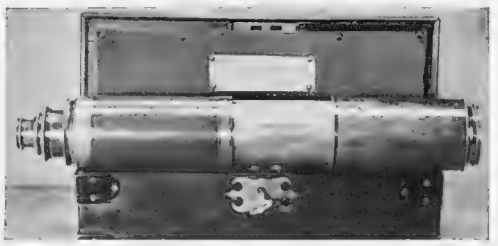
That is the spirit of this fight. And the trouble of it is that it is going to be waged up and down this country for a long time to come.

NELSON'S TELESCOPE for the NATION: *The Winter Season in the Sale Room*

After a quiet opening the winter season of the sale-rooms is now in full operation and some interesting sales are in progress. Interesting particularly from the fact that not only things of known "sale-room value" are being offered but articles which have not yet acquired that established criterion, never having appeared in a sale-room before. Only a week or so ago several portrait busts by Mr. Jacob Epstein aroused both interest and curiosity when they appeared at Messrs. Sotheby's. They seemed to look almost surprised to be there, so modern were they—busts of people one knew, treated with the masterly touch characteristic of the famous sculptor. Undoubtedly the finest example was the head of Dolores, the model, which has been described by Mr. L. B. Powell as "the most fascinating and deeply human" of Epstein's work. This realized £135 and was bought by Mr. Hugh Walpole. The head of the sculptor's wife, remarkable for its sense of repose, fetched £105. Two busts representing beautiful Oriel Ross, now acting the part of the Empress Catherine of Russia in *Casanova* at the Coliseum, were bought for £110 and £90, one of the purchasers being Mrs. J. B. Priestley, a keen enthusiast of Epstein's work. Mr. Richard Sickert's "The Raising of Lazarus," exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, was sold at Christie's on Friday (December 2) for the benefit of Sadler's Wells Theatre.

A PANEL OF BRUSSELS TAPESTRY (Albert Auwercx, 1657-1715; 17 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft.) showing the coronation of Bacchus, to be sold at Christie's next week

Tapestries.—Some really beautiful tapestries, described as coming from a "famous Continental source," all forming part of an important sale at Messrs. Christie's on December 15. Four panels are English, made at Soho in the early eighteenth century. Most of the other tapestries are Flemish of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. There is a fine Brussels tapestry bearing the weaver's name, Auwercx, who was working in the late seventeenth century.



NELSON'S TELESCOPE, which has been since Trafalgar in the family of Captain Hardy, was sold at Christie's last Monday, and purchased for the Nation for 1,480 guineas by Mr. P. Malcolm Stewart, the chairman of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers

Rare Illuminated Manuscripts.—A very rich collection of illuminated manuscripts and rare service books belonging to the late Mr. John Meade Falkner, who had been the honorary librarian of Durham Cathedral, is being sold during a three days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, beginning on December 12. It is a very specialized collection, dealing almost entirely with missals and breviaries, all rare and in excellent condition, but including a few finely-bound classics and Caxton's *Golden Legend*.

Of the breviaries the most important is the Muchelney Breviary, which came into the possession of Protector Somerset when he obtained the monastery after the Dissolution, and was afterwards kept at Savernake Park. For beauty and freshness of condition the Horæ Mortuorum, use of Besançont is specially remarkable, and the Horæ, use of York, has some exquisite miniatures depicting the calendar of months.

Nelson and Emma Hamilton.—Great romantic interest was attached to the sale on Monday, December 5, when some of Lord Nelson's personal belongings and the gifts which he had given to his beloved Emma, Lady Hamilton, were sold. They had come into the possession of Captain Hardy, Nelson's great friend, and had been handed down in the Hardy family.

Good Prices for Lewis Carroll.—Sellers can now rely upon a more steady market in the sale-room, and if they endeavour to forget the soaring prices of 1928 and 1929 (which are not likely to return for a generation or so) and think of the normal level of pre-war times, the prices obtained are quite satisfactory. Indeed, in some cases, they have reached a high level; as, for instance, the amounts paid at the sale of Lewis Carroll's presentation books and manuscripts.

We that are Strong

Strength comes from God. It is given us not merely for our own benefit, but that it may be used in the service of the weak. It is a legacy from Divine hands and is not free from legacy duty. It is to be taxed. The tax should be self-imposed—relentlessly, gladly, constantly.

There is no greater joy than the joy of service. No man lives in vain, nor has lived in vain, who has lifted the burden of anxiety from any troubled heart and given relief to even one anxious harassed mind.

Will you help by a generous contribution to provide a Home for life or a pension for life for incurable sufferers of the **middle class only?** They have been our special care and concern since the Institution was founded over seventy years ago.

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary,

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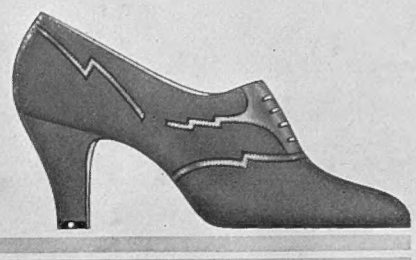

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To all Lovers of the

GILBERT & SULLIVAN

Operas

NOTICE:

That there is Now on Sale a PICTORIAL RECORD of the 1932-3 season consisting of 32 pages of New Pictures, all reproduced in photogravure.

SIR HENRY LYTTON
in the rôle of Jack Point.

(From the cover of the Record of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas, 1932-3.)

PRICE 1/=

Published by "THE SPHERE," 346 Strand, W.C.2

NOTES and NEWS

SPECIALIZED DIARIES DE LUXE

Those who seek variety can find it in Charles Letts's Diaries, practically every calling, hobby, or sport being catered for by a special edition. Yet the diaries are not bulky and can be carried in the waistcoat pocket or lady's shopping or handbag and not be cumbersome. The binding is durable and the materials and workmanship are of the best and, what is most important in these days, the charges are very reasonable. Amongst the new editions is one for hikers—the Rambler's Diary—published in conjunction with the Federation of Ramblers' Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland and containing maps of the British Isles. Indeed, maps are becoming quite a feature in diaries and are also included in the A.A. Motorists and the Motor-cycling Diaries, the De Luxe, Business Man's Diary, and the Commercial Traveller's, all published by the same famous firm.

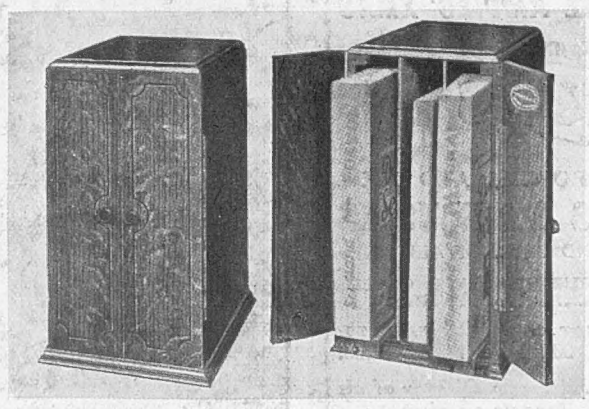
SILK-SEWN OR LOOSE-LEAF

The 1933 edition of the diaries issued by the distinguished firm of John Walker and Co., Ltd., is up to its usual high standard. One week at an opening, two weeks at an opening, two days to a page, one day to a page; wallet diaries with pockets for cards and stamps: the treasury note series with a season-ticket "window" of transparent material and a special safety pocket for folded Treasury notes; the Duplex series of combined diary and notebook with a pencil complete; tablet diaries, memorandum pads, desk diaries ruled in days, half-hours, quarter-hours; tiny diaries that would not bulge the pocket of a backless evening waistcoat are a few of the silk-sewn diaries. With all these a free £1,000 accident coupon is given away. The loose-leaf diaries by the same firm run from one day on a page, two days on a page, four days on a page, to one week on a page; the sizes of the books run from 3⅛ by 2 in. up to 6 by 3½ in.; there is one loose-leaf diary, hailed as the smallest in the world, 3 by 1½ in.—a turn-over ring tablet diary. In fact, if a diary is wanted, Walker's can supply it.

CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS

As decoration for the table just as much as for the promotion of the party spirit among old and young, crackers are an inevitable concomitant of Yuletide. Duck without peas, omelette without eggs, pork without crackling, in the words of the old song, are as unthinkable as Christmas without crackers. Even in these days of Depression, the urge to celebrate is not stifled and in the attractive and amusing bon-bons it comes to its apex.

The famous firm of Tom Smith, which has contributed its full quota of gaiety to the world since 1847, has this year given fresh examples of the fertility of its imagination and the ingenuity of its execution. There are Pirates' Prize crackers, Ye Merrie Makers' crackers, Empire crackers embellished with a Union Jack and other flags of Britain to recall the splendour of our history, Cartoon crackers containing not only caricatures but accessories to make caricatures of those that pull them, Milady's Court crackers containing fans, powder and patches, Disconcerting crackers with puzzles and acrostics, Blossoms crackers, Vivacity crackers, Watching Hour crackers, and Love's Escort crackers, in addition to the firework, hat, cap, and musical instrument crackers of yore. For decoration, there are, as well as the floral designs that make of the Christmas table a thing of faery, cracker pastries which look like *petits fours*, crackers that resemble candles, crackers in ornamental baskets, crackers in lanterns, caravans, and bombs, crackers which jump about, crackers which ring a bell, crackers camouflaged as a book, crackers contained in a ship, and monster crackers.



WHERE IS THAT TELEPHONE BOOK? The Presenta cabinet is the latest solution to the problem of keeping clean and handy works of reference. The cabinet stands upon the desk, its doors shut, but when either door is opened the book or books behind it automatically spring to the hand. The cabinets are in oak (25s.), walnut or mahogany (30s.), with a special office model in oak at 21s.

With such a selection, ranging in price to suit every purse, there is no reason why the 1932 Christmas should not be as Merrie a Christmas as any before.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

The ubiquitous thousands of lovers of the greatest of light operas will be delighted to learn that a pictorial record of the present season of Gilbert and Sullivan at the Savoy is now available. Superbly printed in Rotogravure, this Souvenir of the season in which Sir Henry Lytton makes his farewell to London has been composed of pictures from all the repertoire, specially posed and taken for THE SPHERE. The illustrations are titled with the actual words from the several libretti spoken at the instant of exposure. The booklet, which is published by THE SPHERE at 1s. net, is further embellished with original sketches and by a foreword by the distinguished retiring Savoyard. It may be obtained at the theatre, or direct from the offices of THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, post free for 1s. 2½d.

Let THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

At the Paris offices of *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sphere*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Nearly sixty years ago, thanks to the generous aid of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Society's subscribers, the world-famous Training Ship *Arethusa* was moored off Greenhithe, Kent, for the purpose of training poor and destitute lads for careers in the Royal Navy and Merchant Service. A new ship has been obtained to replace the old *Arethusa*, which has been condemned by the Admiralty as unfit for further service, and the Society sincerely hopes that history will repeat itself in the matter of generous benefactors. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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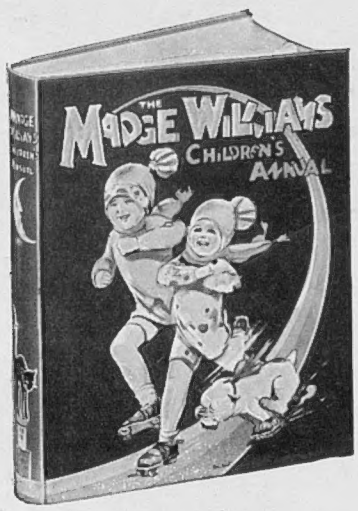

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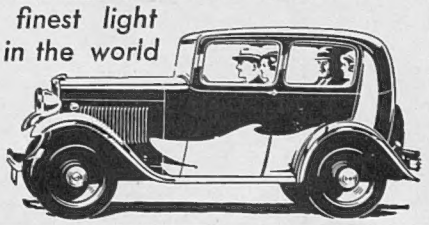

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Never before has produced a more beautiful THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Page 9—THE GIFT
In this picture the artist has shown our readers something of the busy last minute rush on Christmas Eve. The shoppers are thronging Regent Street. They pause to glance at the modern lay figures in the window of a costumier's establishment. One elegant creature is handing a gift of pearls to another waxen beauty.
Drawn by John Pimlott

Page 10—A CHRISTMAS CAROL PAGE
An ancient carol is embellished by a triptych by Hans Memling, reproduced in colour. It contains some kneeling ladies in the attractive fifteenth-century dress of which several examples are given in the special section dealing with Real Life in the Middle Ages. They wear the tapering head-dress of the period.
Decorations by Harold Nelson

Page 11—EILWARD OF WESTONING
In this account of a miracle of St. Thomas à Becket the reader will discover a curious first-hand document dating from the years immediately following the murder of Becket. The details leading to the arrest of Eilward, the unfortunate-fortunate are extremely quaint, as are the methods of his conviction.
Illustrated by Harold Nelson

Page 12—AT THE TOILET TABLE
The artist is a constant exhibitor at the R.A. to which he was elected Associate not long ago. The room is lit from the usual left-hand side. A delightful serenity of treatment is a note of all Mr. Knight's work.
Painting by Harold Knight

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS
An up-to-date story of two well-to-do Australian girls and their adventures in Europe and London. No actual living persons are referred to, although the characters move about in quite familiar social resorts in London.
By Alice Williamson

Page 13—"AFTERNOON"
One of the most happy of the delightful interior conversation pictures for which this artist is famous. He also is a member of the R.A. This particular example is now on exhibition at the galleries of Mr. Newman in Duke Street, St. James's. It is well worth seeing.
Painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

Page 14—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS (continued)
Illustration to story by John Pimlott

Page 15—THE CHARM OF STILL LIFE
Two examples of still life and flower painting are given on this page. Mr. Ward is a regular exhibitor at the R.A. Mr. Y. Tohno is a newcomer to the R.A. He has done some delightful flower compositions in recent years.
Paintings by Chas. D. Ward and Y. Tohno

Page 16—SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSATION
An extract from Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*. A delicious example of cultured boredom on the part of the silk-clad gentleman. The artist is an expert on costume. Her books, with their coloured illustrations, are a delight to the eye and her knowledge of cuffs, laces, and farthingales is profound.
Illustrated by Iris Brooke

Page 17—THE JOY OF PRIMITIVE COLOUR
In this painting of a Czech peasant maiden, the artist records with a wealth of colour the picturesque gala dress of this East European people.
Painting by Phyllis Dodd

Pages 18–19—LOVE AND FREINDSHIP
Some extracts from the delicious parody of the earlier novelette style of the eighteenth century, written in the form of a youthful effort by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. The mispellings are of course intentional.
By Jane Austen. Illustrations by Eileen Mayo

Page 20—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES
Opening page of a section dealing with life in England before the days of Henry VIII and the familiar Tudors. The fifteenth century is much less well known than the later historical periods.
Written by Mary Crosbie

Page 21—COAXING THE SHY GUEST
This is one facet of life in the fifteenth century. The host and his guests are wearing the picturesque dress of the period.
Drawn by C. Walter Hodges

Pages 22–23—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(continued)
The artist has taken a number of examples of real happenings in the fifteenth century—no mere "bringing in of the boar's head."
Illustrated by Gladys Rees

Page 24—WINTER IN THE COUNTRY
These two subjects show varied aspects of village life when the snow is on roof and road. The smaller picture, with its merry dancers, shows a village well worth a visit during the Christmas holidays.
Painted by Stanley Royle and Diana Pullinger

Page 25—THE JOY OF THE WINTER LANDSCAPE UNDER SNOW
Two camera records of snow scenes on the countryside

Page 26—SEATED IN THE PARK
A picture story of the part played by many a dog both in the past and the present.

Page 27—CHRISTMAS AT THREE PERIODS
The artist gives a vivid impression, in simple line, of the outward changes which have taken place on the observance of Christmas; concluding with the steel furniture epoch.
Drawings by Irwin Rechenberg

Page 28—EILWARD OF WESTONING—(continued)
With two illustrations of dogs well worth knowing.

Page 29—COACHING IN THE OLD DAYS
The first page of a section dealing with coaching in the past century.
From originals by C. Cooper Henderson

Pages 30 31—HELD UP ON THE EXETER ROAD
A pleasing composition by a contemporary artist, now on exhibition at Messrs. Vicars' Galleries in New Bond Street. This subject has never before been reproduced. The landscape is peculiarly attractive in this case.
Painted in oils by C. Cooper Henderson

Page 32—COACHING BY DAY AND NIGHT
Two intriguing aspects of coaching from rare prints in Mr. Frank Sabin's possession.
Drawings by J. Pollard and C. B. Newhouse

Page 33—LITTLE FAIRIES OF CHRISTMASTIDE
Camera studies of juvenile dancers preparing for a Christmas ballet.

Page 34—A VAGABOND CHRISTMAS
In a series of film-like studies the artist tells the story of a tramp's dream, but there is a flash-back—and all is well.
Drawn by Hallstone

Page 35—TEMPTATION, THE STORY OF A JUG OF CREAM
The camera-artist who took this remarkable series must have exercised no little patience, as you cannot hurry pussy in front of a camera, or at any other time.

Page 36—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(concluded)
A number of head-dresses have been gathered together from various sources to illustrate Miss Crosbie's narrative.

Page 38—THE EMPTY BED
A story of cut and thrust in the days of knee-breeches in old France. The picture is by an accomplished water-colourist.
Story by G. H. W. Ramsey. Illustration by Madeley McClintock

Pages 40–42—THE BURNING BUSH
The author tells a tale of wonder-making in the far off days before written history.
By Stephen Foy. Illustrations by Rowland Hilder

Page 44—OLD ENGLISH BALLADS
Two quaint examples are illustrated in colour. There is great naiveté of treatment, but the pictures tell their tale with no uncertain touch.

Page 46—CHILDREN'S SECTION
This page introduces several others dealing in matters interesting to children.
Drawing by Millar Watt

Page 48—WALKING TO EDINBURGH
A remarkable first-hand narrative from the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The whole story of the young Scottish footman has been published and is well worth reading.
Illustrated by W. Bryce-Hamilton

Page 49—A CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL COMPETITION
A competition for the Christmas holidays for those with a pictorial sense. The pieces make up an actual view in the "home-town" of great painters and sculptors.
Drawn by Percy Home

Page 50—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS—(continued).
Illustration, a Dream of Christmas Day, by Anton Fikulka

Page 52—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS—(continued).
Illustration, Dawns the Bright Day, by Brenda

Page 58—CHILDREN STORIES
With illustrations of some of the fascinating dolls which nowadays make Christmas shops a joy.

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